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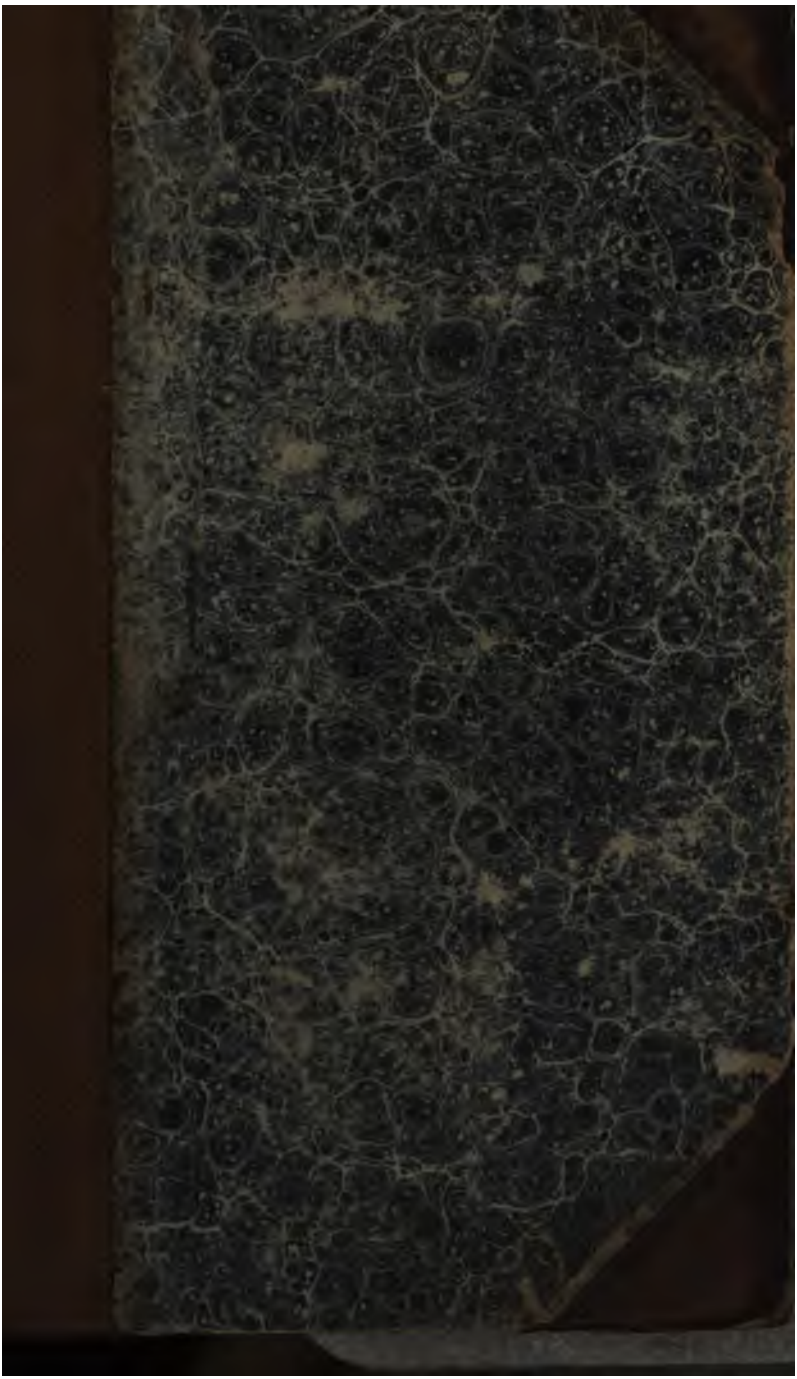

37.
527.

MEMORIAL

OF AN

AFFECTIONATE AND DUTIFUL SON.

MEMORIAL

OF AN

AFFECTIONATE AND DUTIFUL SON,

FREDERICK R. H. SCORESBY,

WHO FELL ASLEEP IN JESUS,

December 31, 1834: *Aged* 16 *Years.*

3-

BY HIS FATHER,

THE INCUMBENT OF BEDFORD CHAPEL, EXETER;
AUTHOR OF "MEMORIALS OF THE SEA," ETC.

"WHAT IS YOUR LIFE? IT IS EVEN A VAPOUR, THAT APPEARETH FOR A LITTLE TIME, AND THEN VANISHETH AWAY."—JAMES IV. 14.

LONDON:
JAMES NISBET AND CO., BERNERS-STREET:
SOLD IN EXETER BY CURSON, SPREAT, ROBERTS, AND OTHER BOOKSELLERS; IN CAMBRIDGE, BY T. STEVENSON; IN CHELTENHAM, BY W. WIGHT; IN CLIFTON, BY O. C. LANE, ETC.

MDCCCXXXVII.

527.

EXETER:
PRINTED BY WOOLMER AND CO., GAZETTE-OFFICE, HIGH-STREET.

To the YOUNGER MEMBERS of the CONGREGATION WORSHIPPING in BEDFORD CHAPEL.

Two considerations, beloved young Friends, appear, to my mind, to render it peculiarly fitting that I should address this Memorial unto you. The first is, an appropriateness with respect to you, arising out of the kind interest which you have so generally manifested towards the memory of the beloved boy, of whose brief life you have herein a record: and the second, a fitness with regard to myself, as your Minister, depending on the hope that this Memorial might possibly contribute to the furtherance of my labours among you, by being rendered instrumental for your guidance and encouragement in following Christ. With reference to this important result—constituting the earnest and prayerful desire of my heart on your behalf—it has appeared to me, that the faithful record of a very lovely example of filial affection and dutifulness, as well as of personal piety, might, under the Divine blessing, be rendered useful; and the more influential, in your case—it is reasonable to hope—from the lamented individual being personally known to you.

Though, however, I place before you the case of a youth, exhibiting, in very many respects, an example truly commendable and worthy of imitation; yet, inasmuch as he also was compassed with infirmities, and these infirmities have been, I trust, fairly represented—it behoves me to admonish you only to aim to follow him, just so far as he followed Christ. Statements of faults and imperfections, as well as of graces and virtues, faithful biography demands; —but these should serve, not for generating self-complacency as to our own infirmities, but as helps to self-examination for our profit, and as warning-beacons for our safeguard. *They may also* serve, with the humble and anxious

follower of Christ, for encouragement under the depressing contemplation of his own depravity and sinfulness,—inasmuch as they show that sin will still abound in the flesh, even where grace does much more abound.

Whilst, now, I would affectionately urge upon your attentive consideration, whatever is found to have been scripturally right in the faith, in the affections, and in the practice of the Subject of this Memorial;—I would especially press upon you the importance of aiming after some of his more striking characteristics,—his godly fear—his veneration for parental authority—his simplicity of faith—his dedication of himself to God—his moral courage—his love for the name of Christ—and his ardent aspirings after fitness for a heavenly world. And in the faithful pursuance of these characteristics of God's dear children—in reliance upon the efficacy of the atoning blood of our adorable Redeemer, and on the grace of His blessed Spirit—you will at once find your happiness and wellbeing. For, with purpose of heart, thus seeking for conformity to the will of God, you will obtain, by Divine grace, such a preparation for the coming of the Son of Man,—though at an hour unexpected he should come,—that, whilst you yourselves realise the safety and blessedness of such an acquirement, those who affectionately and anxiously love you will, even in such an event as the early removal of any of you, have a solid consolation in their day of sorrow in this blessed assurance—that you who "sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him."

That the Lord Almighty may be pleased to acknowledge this little work for the promotion of your heavenward preparation, and that He may abundantly bless you in all your ways, guiding you with His counsel here, and afterward receiving you to endless glory,—is the fervent desire and prayer,

Dearly beloved,

of your affectionate Friend in the Lord,

WILLIAM SCORESBY.

Exeter, 2nd of January, 1837.

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MEMORIAL OF A DUTIFUL SON.

Chapter I.

INTRODUCTORY REFLECTIONS.

The death-blow is struck—the bereav'd one now feels,
Of all men the deepest in sorrow;
But he sees Him who wounds—the sight of Faith heals,
And the night woe turns peace on the morrow!

Though the condition of the mourner is as common as human mortality is universal—yet the feelings of the real mourner cannot be fully apprehended but in the very travail of nature's woe. And when that time comes, the bereaved ones then feel,—that is, in regard to the sensibilities of the natural mind,—that they, of all men, are most miserable. To them comes no mitigation from the commonness of their lot; to them it is no consolation to know that, at every beat of their pulse from their birth, similar bereavements have been experienced by some one or other of the family of man; to them there is little support to be derived from the consciousness that they are themselves mortal, and must also die,—but they *feel as if their place* stood most prominent amid

the woes of the earth, and they suffer as poignantly as if they suffered alone. For, with respect to human mortality, the whole world may be considered, as it has been strikingly represented, as 'a vast funeral procession,' in which view, every one in turn becomes chief mourner, or is carried, as a corpse, at the head of the solemn pageant. Hence, though for six thousand years the affections of man have been accustomed to be torn asunder with unrelenting severity, and the nearest and dearest relations to be summarily dissolved; yet, when the mortal stroke penetrates our dwelling, and enters the heart of the beloved one—the catastrophe seems as new, and the suffering is as pungent, as if the thing had never happened before!

We speak not here of woe, as it is realized under the gracious supports of faith derivable from Him who hath appointed the woe as the penalty of sin, and, being sanctified, as medicine for the disease of sin; but merely of the effects of painful bereavements on the natural affections. For these—in proportion to the tenderness of the attachments and susceptibility of the mourners—are similar in all; whilst the consolations derivable from godliness, though more or less open to every one, are, unhappily, effectually realised but by few.

Deeply, therefore, as the bereaved parent who *writes this* memorial has felt on the occasion

which has called it forth; he is aware that he has only felt as others afflicted, who, like himself, lament the loss of a chief object of affection—or as one that mourneth for his first-born. Nevertheless, his circumstances have placed him in that out-standing position, whereby it hath now, in the wisdom of God, become his turn, by the instincts of nature, to put forth 'the voice of lamentation, and weeping, and great mourning, for the beloved child which is not.' But whilst nature calls forth the tears of sorrow,—blessed be God, who hath enabled him, in the midst of sorrow, to realize many precious and solid consolations! He mourns the loss of a singularly endeared child; but he feels that his loss is the departed one's gain. He mourns a ruptured bond of deep and mutual affection; but mourns not as one without hope, for he believes that he who hath suddenly passed away, hath as suddenly been received into the realms of glory. He mourns the loss of an object, dearest to him, except the wife of his bosom, of any creature or thing upon earth; but he is supported in his mourning by the animating persuasion that 'he is not dead, but sleepeth in Jesus'! And whilst he mourns over this peculiar and heart-touching bereavement, he mourns not in complaint; yea, rather, knowing that He who appoints affliction, appoints it for good—that He who chastises by his rod, *evinces his love in* the chastisement—that He

who does his own pleasure in the earth, pleaseth to work all things for the best—that He who has a right to rule over us as a Sovereign Lord, the rather rules as a merciful Father—that He who is the author of afflictive dispensations, as well as of good, afflicteth not willingly—that He who spareth not us from the rod in his Fatherly compassion, spared not his own Son, in order that he might have compassion;—knowing all these things to be truth, and that for every trial and affliction there is a needs-be, and believing moreover that in the visitations of mortality, the time best for the living, and best for him that is taken away, is chosen by infinite wisdom,—in humble resignation he would desire to glorify God, and say, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord!"

Under these impressions,—as to the gain which hath arisen to the dear departed one by his removal from the evil to come, and as to the mercy of the dispensation to those bereaved,—he finds it a soothing as well as a satisfactory employment, both to call to mind the more memorable particulars in the brief life of the child so dear to him, and to put down in writing such records of him as memory, and a few notes happily preserved of his early years, with his letters of a later period, might supply.

Teignmouth, January 5th, 1835.

Chapter II.

Frederick's Infancy and Early Childhood.

'Tis lovely in infant minds early to trace,
The work of the Spirit—the dawning of Grace;
'Tis lovely to hear, then, the infant lips raise,
The offering grateful—the utt'rance of praise!

Little can be expected of incident or adventure, calculated to interest the *general* reader, in the Memoirs of a mere child. For it is the adventures and "fortunes" of this life, chiefly, in which the history of their fellow-men wins the attention, and moves the feelings of the world at large. The irreligious, or the merely formal in religion, can have no sympathy with the experience of the Children of God;—for even as the Bible, to such men, is a sealed book, so religious biography, to them, is an unapprehended history. But with the believer in Revelation, who has received the truth as it is in Jesus,—with him whose heart the Lord has opened, or even softened, by the operation of His Spirit,—there will be found something to engage the attention in every exhibition of the progress of Divine Grace in the world; a responsive sympathy will

be felt in the facts of any actual conflict betwixt the fleshly and spiritual man—betwixt the powers of nature and of grace,—so that the simple experience of a child, in which something is manifested of the great power of God working for the regeneration of his original nature, will not be considered as unworthy of attention, and may not prove too insignificant to interest the heart. "The things of the Spirit," indeed, which constitute the basis of religious biography, are of everlasting moment. They are matter of actual and earnest interest among the angels in the presence of God; and they will probably constitute, because of their momentous bearings, the subject of perpetual contemplation and praise, with the redeemed, throughout eternity. These things, then, cannot be without interest to the heirs of eternity.

It is in the firm conviction of the truth of these sentiments, that the writer is encouraged to put forth this humble memorial,—a memorial which claims not consideration either from remarkable temporal incident, or from distinguished spiritual attainments; but merely from the circumstance of its being calculated to yield a real, and, it is hoped, not altogether unprofitable, example of the operation of the Holy Spirit of God on the heart, and in the experience, of the dear youth to which it refers.

The subject of this memorial, the second son of the author, was born at Whitby, on the 5th of November—a day memorable in the annals of our country—in the year 1818. He was baptized on the 9th of the same month, by the name—having reference, in part, to a much-loved friend, then Minister of the Chapel of Ease at Whitby—of FREDERICK RICHARD HOLLOWAY. As an infant, and for several years afterwards, he was a very delicate, and, though without any organic or other special disease, sickly child. His limbs were peculiarly slight and feeble, and his frame altogether so fragile, that little prospect was held out to us of his being reared.

Whilst yet in his first year of life, he was removed to Liverpool, on occasion of my engaging in a whale-fishing co-partnery in that port, and establishing my family there. Cherished by his affectionate Mother's ever watchful care, and by the unwearied attention of a warmly attached nurse, he continued not merely to exist under his feeble constitution, but to make some small progress in growth and energy.

He was a peculiarly playful child—ingenious in the invention of original gambols, and amusing in his exhibitions of them; at the same time so intelligent and observant, that long before he could speak plain, he was strikingly subject to parental controul. As it was a rule with us

never to give anything to a child for which it cried—unless the food for which nature in the first instance thus made its solicitation—he was rarely known to cry unless hurt, or in pain from sickness. In any instance, indeed, in which tears and sobbing might have been elicited in consequence of the deprivation of anything he desired, —he was wont, from his conviction of the uselessness of these for obtaining his wishes, to make the most interesting efforts to subdue his feelings, smiling through his tears, and sometimes exhibiting a mixture of incongruous expression in his countenance—the sadness of the heart, and the effort to express a smile—both curious and amusing.

At the age of three and a half years, a severe visitation came upon him and our household, in the lamented removal, from our happy domestic circle, of his singularly affectionate mother. At the time of this painful bereavement, I was myself traversing the Arctic Seas in pursuit of my profession :—my return presented a sad and distressing contrast to former joys. The day of usual exultation and happiness, was covered, as it were, with a mourning vail of deepest woe. In this dispensation, my poor boys lost a mother, whose sole anxiety towards them was their well-being for time and eternity,—and myself, a wife who was devoted to my happiness. My elder boy, William,

was of an age to feel the bereavement he had sustained, and to be in a measure aware of the many endearments of which he was deprived by the melancholy event; but Frederick was too young either to appreciate her value or to estimate his loss.

From this time, for some years, his devoted nurse—a woman homely in her exterior and manners, but sensible and thoughtful in mind, and ardently attached to myself and my children—was his principal guardian, and ministering attendant, in time of my absence from home. My elder son was placed early at school, as a boarder, in an establishment in Cheshire; but Frederick was, from age and delicacy of constitution, necessarily kept at home. The unremitting attention and judicious care of his nurse, indeed—who, in attacks of sickness, a circumstance of frequent occurrence with him, was almost constantly by him both day and night—were the means, unquestionably, in the hands of Providence, of his ever having survived the days of his infancy.

From his delicacy of constitution, the child's limbs and back became bent, and tended to slight deformity; but by her watchful care, mainly, in applying the instruments obtained for his legs, and stays for the supporting of his back, he was saved from the threatened calamity: so that after two or three years of careful application of

these important supports, they were enabled to be abandoned altogether, and no deformity whatever, but only the constitutional delicacy of body, and feebleness of growth, remained.

In Frederick, were very strikingly elicited, and at a very early age, the peculiar marks and features of his natural character. Orderliness, carefulness, obedience, and a singular perception of devotional things, were among the pleasing characteristics of his mind, which were very conspicuous even before his mother's death. His play-things were not destroyed, as they are by many children, but generally kept with carefulness. Orders that were given to him would be often kept in mind for days together: and the devotions of the family became so early apprehended by him—in appearance at least—that from the age of two years he never, that I remember, disturbed us or became disorderly during prayers. He seemed indeed, whilst yet an infant, to have pleasure in attending the devotions of the family altar—exhibiting neither impatience whilst they were in progress, nor satisfaction because of their termination;—his only manifestation of joy being elicited on claiming the usual kiss, after each devotional service, which was the appointed expression of approbation of his conduct. So singularly attentive was he to the decorums of Divine worship, not only at home, but in public,

that, long before the loss of his mother, we were enabled to take him to church, without either risk or anxiety respecting his good behaviour. And this conduct was the more striking, because at other times, when in health, he frequently evinced an uncommon exuberance of spirits, skipping about and playing like a kitten, mimicking the animals with which he happened to be familiar, or restlessly pursuing his other original little frolics. This was not less remarkable, moreover, considering the impatience and irritableness of his temper,—which, having connection, apparently, with his nervous susceptibility from disease, were observable at an early age, and indeed remained as a thorn in the flesh, and as a blemish in his character, though greatly contended against, to within a very short period of the termination of his earthly pilgrimage.

He was fond of being in the room with me, though I might be so engaged as to be able to yield to him but little or no attention. In that case, he was willing to amuse himself with such things as might be given him, for long intervals together, seldom breaking in upon me, unless cautiously and gently from any occasional want, and then turning as quietly as before to his employment or amusement. His regard to the orders which were given him, when I was out of sight, was very remarkable. If I had occasion to

leave my library, when he only was present with me there, I felt the fullest assurance that any caution or injunction I might lay upon him would be strictly regarded. If I warned him not to approach the fire in my absence, he would warm himself, if he needed it, at a considerable distance; or if I cautioned him against meddling with my papers, which sometimes lay open and loose about the table or desk, he would be sure to observe the injunction and avoid them; or if I warned him against coming near any valuable instruments or apparatus which might be in the room, he would not only attend to the warning, but when he had occasion to go into the forbidden part of the room, he has been frequently observed to place his hands behind his back, whilst looking for what he wanted, lest he might inadvertently touch them!

Such was the confidence that I felt in his attention to any injunction of this kind in my absence, that, in innumerable instances, I left him alone in my room, sometimes for hours together—among very important papers scattered about the tables, and very valuable instruments placed in different exposed situations—and never, in any case, was he known to misplace the papers or injure the instruments. Sometimes he would request permission to look out of the window, which was usually granted: kneeling

on a chair, he would open the blind, and then amuse himself with quietly watching what was passing in the street.

In this representation of his orderliness and obedience, it is not intended to be implied that the dear child was without faults; human nature may be amiable, but cannot be faultless. His chief failings had their origin either in natural quickness of temper—or in uncontrollable giddiness when animated with his frolicks. When he went beyond what was pleasant, and was carried away by his feelings to a rejection of due restraints, he was occasionally corrected—his usual punishment being confinement, which was a real punishment to one of so animated a spirit, to a fixed position and state of constrained rest. For this discipline he was seated on an ottoman, or stool, and ordered to remain there for a given period of time —an order which I do not remember him ever to have infringed. I could leave the room whilst he was so seated, enjoining him to sit still, and invariably found him strictly conforming to the injunction till he was regularly released.

These little particulars—the mere dumb-shew of slightly disciplined nature—may appear to some readers of this volume of too trifling a description to be worthy of being formally recorded: perhaps they are so; but those who are *parents*, will excuse the record of such little remembrances,

which, whilst illustrative of character, are so endearing to a father.

But even at this early age, whilst he yet spoke but with a stammering tongue, the thoughts to which he occasionally gave utterance were not merely striking, as the expressions of children often are, but withal of so pious a character as may justify a more particular mention of them. And some memoranda of his conduct and observations belonging to this date, when he was about six years of age, having been preserved, I am enabled to select such particulars concerning him—however common-place to some they may appear—as may serve fairly to illustrate the real character of his early religious views and feelings.

Under the date of January 25th, 1825, his nurse, writing to me in London respecting the dear child, gave the following statement:—"Frederick asked me to-night, if, when he went to heaven, Jesus Christ would give him a new heart? I asked him what made him think of it? He said he remembered reading in a book about a passionate little girl who had prayed for a new heart, and he should like to have one. I then asked him what he would do to obtain a new heart?" and he sensibly answered "that he would pray to Jesus Christ for one."

His brother William, in a letter written about the same period, made the following mention of

him:—"Frederick is well, and has been so ever since you left. In the morning after you left, he awoke very early, whilst it was dark, and began to sing his hymns; and observed to his nurse,—'Betty, I thought I would sing my hymns that it would please God to send papa back again.' When he arose from his bed, the first thing he did he said his prayers—praying that God would bless papa, and send him safe home. He was then ready to cry because he did not know what else to say;—Betty told him to say '*soon*,' and then he was satisfied."

At this period of his life he was particularly fond of listening to any religious reading, frequently asking to have something read out to him "about Jesus Christ." With a child's monthly publication, containing anecdotes and little religious stories, he often employed himself in searching for the name of Christ. He appeared to regard it in preference to a mere picture-book, "because," as he was wont to say, "it *is a good book*, and I love to look at good books!"

Like most children he was very fond of prints—but those illustrative of *Scripture History* he preferred above all others. Representations of Christ were sought out by him with great indications of interest; and, next to these, he seemed the most pleased with illustrations of the History of Joseph. From these, with the answers of

questions to which they gave rise, he learnt, when but a tottering child, the principal details of the incidents to which they severally referred; and it was his great delight to be told of something about the Life or Miracles of the Saviour. The reading at family worship obtained, with reference to these favourite subjects, a striking earnestness of attention with him—so that he was generally enabled, if questioned, to repeat some portion of the substance of what he had heard, after the conclusion of the prayers.

In the memoranda already referred to, I find some other particulars belonging to the period of this Chapter, from which are derived the following extracts :—

"What is usually a *task* to children of his age, —such as the learning of Catechisms, &c.,—is his choice and enjoyment. Even of the Church Catechism, which is so much above his comprehension, he has learnt more than one-half by heart, and seems to have a decided pleasure in repeating it. Hymns he is also fond of learning, and, in his imperfect way, of singing ;—which he is in the habit generally of doing, though often out of tune, when in Church. I never saw a child"—this observation might be the result of a parent's partiality—"who had the same desire for every thing good, or so much apparent aversion to whatever he apprehended to be evil. The

things which to human nature generally are irksome and unpleasing, seem to afford to him a real and prevalent enjoyment. Surely, such effects, so contrary to the natural mind,—which is declared to be averse from the things of the Spirit, and at enmity against God,—must be the work of the Holy Ghost! May the Lord bless the lad, and spare him, and cause him to grow in wisdom, strength, and stature, and in favour with God and man." —*March* 5, 1825.

The same records furnish further particulars indicative of Frederick's attention in the services of the Sanctuary, and illustrative of the nature of his observations on the discourses he heard. —On one occasion, on my return from church, he repeated to me a long text which he had heard, with numerous and correct details of the sermon. He then questioned me about the subject to which I had been attending (in another place of worship), and I repeated to him our text—"The door was shut,"—with some few of the circumstances of the interesting parable connected with it. When I came to the mention of the words of the text, he immediately took up the subject, and remarked, that on the arrival of the foolish virgins with their lamps they said—"Lord, wilt thou be pleased to open the door?" But Jesus Christ said, "I know you not," and refused to let *them in*. The whole subject, indeed,

seemed quite familiar to him; for he stated the leading facts of the parable with considerable precision as to the order of the circumstances, and with almost perfect accuracy.

During the period of my absence from home in the spring of the year 1825, the spare apartments of the house I rented in Liverpool, were let to an occasional occupant—a lady from Jamaica—with a reservation of sufficient accommodation for myself in the event of my returning whilst she remained. With this individual, who was of an amiable and Christian disposition, Frederick soon formed an acquaintance, and became a great favourite. One morning, in the month of March, Frederick, having unceremoniously made his way into her apartment while she was dressing, was rebuked for the intrusion, and requested to go away till she was dressed: "I only wanted to tell you," said he, with the earnestness of simplicity, rather than the impulse of forwardness—"that I have been praying for you!" "And what, my dear, did you pray for, for me?" was the enquiry. He repeated to her a very appropriate and important petition or two, with reference to her *conversion*, which he had been using; and then questioning, he added, "Have *you* said your prayers?—if you pray to Jesus Christ, he will give you everything that is good for you!"

Having about the same period made himself peculiarly pleasing to a lady who called at the house, she said to the winning child,—"I will bring you a little sweetheart to see you." On his expressing much satisfaction at the proposal, one present asked him what he would do with her? "Oh," he promptly replied, "I will teach her to love Jesus Christ, and that will make her good and happy."

Would to God that this were the purpose of mind of all who, in the Providence of God, are brought together either in circumstances of mutual dependence, or in the nearest relation of life—that they might exercise towards each other this grand Christian duty, and urge on one another this grand Christian precept—to love the Lord Jesus Christ, as the essential source of personal goodness and happiness here, as well as of an assured felicity hereafter! May the single and persevering object of both the writer and reader, in respect to those with whom we have intercourse, be, to persuade them to seek for the personal endowment of love to Christ, in order to their being made at once *good* and *happy!*

Whilst the lady referred to was domiciled with us, an important change took place in her condition; and an addition was made to the inmates of our house, till such time as a special residence could be provided, by the introduction of the gen-

tleman to whom she had become united. This circumstance is mentioned, because of an important incident that arose out of it; by which, not only the property in the house was threatened, but the safety of the dear child and his nurse placed in some jeopardy.

Soon after the event by which our inmate became the wife of Mr. K———, a large party was entertained in the house, by the newly-married pair, at dinner. On this occasion a considerable quantity of my plate was in requisition; with the arrangement of which the servant of Mr. K—— was entrusted, who, after the dinner, returned it to my responsible servant, Betty. This was no sooner done, than *Robert*, the servant, [I forget his Christian name, but it may be convenient so to designate him,] took his departure, ostensibly for the house where his wife and himself had lodgings—retiring with so heavy and noisy a step along the passage, as to occasion a remonstrance that he would disturb those who had gone to rest—and then flung-to the door, which did not shut easily, so that the vibration was distinctly heard in the apartment he had left.

Previous to retiring to her bed,—which she did not find herself at liberty to do till near two in the morning,—the faithful Betty proceeded to the examination and securing of the windows and doors, when, to her surprise, she found the door

by which Robert had gone out, standing open: this circumstance, however, she readily accounted for, from the difficulty with which the spring-lock could be made to catch. Just as she had lain herself down to rest, the child being already asleep, she was alarmed by hearing a sound, as of a person breathing strongly beneath her bed; and listening to assure herself of it, she found to her dismay that some one was certainly concealed, and sleeping there! Notwithstanding her terror, her prudence was singularly manifested, in her slipping softly and silently away, that she might obtain assistance and protection before the daring intruder should be awoke. In great agitation she proceeded to the room of Mr. K———, and then to mine—awakening us severally with the alarming, but suppressed, cry—"O Sir, there is a man in the house!" Seizing a sword which happened to be near me, I rushed down stairs, and—on obtaining a light in the library by means of an apparatus in which a stream of hydrogen gas was ignited by a spark from an attached electrophorus—found the whole house assembled, Mr. K———, standing armed with an Indian club at the door of the housekeeper's apartment, with Betty herself trembling with anxiety for the safety of the beloved child, whom, in her terror, she had left unprotected. On entering the room, no one encountered us; but, on searching around,

we found a person coiled up against the wall beneath the bed, who, on being urged to come out, proved to be Robert, the faithless servant of Mr. K———! To the question of his master, —'what had sent him there'? he at first bluntly replied—"The Devil!" But subsequently he began to try to excuse himself, under the plea, that he had drunk so much porter that he had become stupid, and did not know where he was, or what he was doing. The fact was, however,—as other circumstances eventually showed,—that it was a subtle and deep-laid plan for robbing the house. He had seen all the plate placed together as he had urged; he had retired from the room where it was deposited, bidding the housekeeper "good night;" and he had rendered his progress through the passage, as well as his going out of the door, obvious, by the noise he made,—so that no doubt could have been entertained of the fact of his having gone home, as he said, to his wife. Having thus produced the required impression on the mind of the housekeeper; and, by leaving the door open, having afforded ground for the natural suspicion, that some prowling thief had taken advantage of this apparently accidental circumstance, secreting himself in one of the cellars or elsewhere, for pillaging the house;—he well apprehended, that, in the event of his carrying off all the plate, no suspicion could reasonably

attach to him. But the liberality with which he had indulged himself, at the expence of his master, was at once overruled, in the good providence of God, for the defeating of his design, and for the safety of Betty and the child, whose lives might have been greatly imperiled had he found himself discovered by them: for when he had obtained a secret and unsuspected lodgment in the very apartment where his hoped-for treasure lay, and only had to wait for an easy possession of it till the occupants were asleep,—the narcotic effect of the porter he had drunk overcame his watchfulness, so that in his sleepy unconsciousness his presence was discovered. Mr. K———, indeed, from a too ready credulity, was imposed upon by his insidious servant, so as to accredit his statement, and to receive him back into favour. But he paid dearly for his adventurous kindness; for in a few months after his entrance upon his new residence, suspicions of his being wronged were repeatedly excited, till at length he found the plausible Robert to be engaged in a regular course of pillage on his property,—an extraordinary variety of specific acts of theft being clearly traced to him, and many of the stolen articles found deposited with the pawnbrokers!

Chapter III.

Circumstances of his childhood, whilst resident at Bridlington Quay.

What sign shall attest that we love thee, O Lord?
Whereby shall we prove that our footsteps are right?
He is blessed, 'tis said, who loving thy Word,
By day therein feeds—on it ponders by night.

In the summer of the year 1825, having myself been admitted to Holy Orders, I found it expedient to break up my small establishment in Liverpool, in order to remove my family into Yorkshire, where my first cure of souls lay. There being no parsonage, neither suitable residence at Bessingby, the parish to which I had my title for orders, I took lodgings at Bridlington Quay, about a mile and a half distant.

The strong and disinterested affection of Frederick's nurse was, on this occasion, very pleasingly evinced. As, in the lodgings which I had taken, the family to which the house belonged had engaged to give me every requisite attendance, I had not designed to take any servant of my own, but had wished and requested my faithful housekeeper to accept a situation of very ample

and superior remuneration to what she had hitherto had, which was offered to her in the family of a friend. But she positively refused,—with tears in her eyes requesting only to be permitted to accompany me, and attend upon the children, and she would require *no* wages; her meat, she said, would be sufficient, and she should be thankful for that! Of course I did not agree to such a proposal; but, at the same time, could no longer feel justified in leaving behind me, one so faithful, and so strongly attached.

In the month of October, 1825, my two boys, with their careful attendant, arrived at my new abode at Bridlington Quay. To them it was a residence as interesting in circumstance and recreation, as to myself the adjoining parish was, from its being the scene of my first ministerial labours. The sea-shore was, naturally, a place of much attraction; and many of the pictures, presented by the contiguous expanse of waters, were appreciable by all. Besides the general beauty of the scene, produced by the fine broad curvature of Bridlington Bay, with its bold headland on the left—as you look outward from the beach—and its attenuating shore, gradually sinking into the ocean, on the right,—the character of that beauty was ever changing, according to the alterations in the wind or sky, besides acquiring new features of interest from the aspect of the numerous

shipping frequenting this coast. Sometimes, indeed, the whole Bay was crowded with vessels; each of these being an object of picturesque interest in the general mass. Now, perhaps, a multitudinous fleet is seen crouching to leeward of the bold headland of Flamborough, riding out, beneath its acceptable shelter, the dangerous and fierce-blowing north-easter;—anon, the storm being done, or the wind having veered favourably round, a hundred vessels or more, so recently lying stationary and passive, appear as if individually imbued with animation,—every one simultaneously beginning to spread the previously close-folded canvas to the breeze, which, with the cheerful cries of the sailors, heaving up their anchors, resounding to the shore, conveys the impression of an awakening-up of the vast deep to universal life.

The contemplation of scenes of this kind, of frequent occurrence on this interesting coast, excited in the different individuals amongst us an exhilarating sympathy in the general animation; whilst the daily frequenting of the pier or the beach afforded occasional little adventures, and sometimes, during the winter's storms, scenes of deep and affecting interest, to which even the youngest became in some measure alive. As to adventures, though little of peril was in our circumstances to be apprehended, yet we were not without their experience, and that in a manner

calculated to serve as memorials of Providential mercies. On one occasion, during our residence at Bridlington Quay, a trial happened to be making in the harbour, of Captain Manby's very ingenious and successful device—of a shot, with an attached rope, fired from a mortar—for obtaining a communication betwixt any stranded vessel and the shore, and by means of such communication for the rescuing of the people. Whilst this was going on, one of our little party happened to be taking the enjoyment of the sea air and animating view from the contiguous pier, as little conscious, as it was possible to be, of the remotest liability to danger. But it so occurred, that the experimental vessel, over which a rope was proposed to be carried by means of the projected shot, lay in the line betwixt the mortar and our unconscious adventurer—so that neither he, nor the managers of the apparatus, were visible to each other. A solitary individual, however, advancing along the pier, beckoned his attention with the admonishing cry,—"Take care! the shot will come this way." Only a moment's interval was afforded to the exposed visiter for profiting by the friendly warning: so that he had but moved a very few paces in retreat, when a fierce and alarming hissing in the air was heard directly over his head, and the swift-descending shot from the mortar fell within a few yards of the spot on

which he had been loitering! In this case was realised an experience calculated again to verify the too-little apprehended truth,—that even in the safest apparent condition in life, there is but a step betwixt us and death!

But we return to the more special object of the present Memorial, with the expression of the hope, that the writer's vivid association of these interesting scenes, with the early history of the beloved child, may justify this, and some other incidental descriptions.

During the first half-year after our arrival at Bridlington Quay, I undertook, in addition to my professional duties, the education of my two boys. But I eventually found, that this tedious and daily occupation engaged too much of my time, to enable me, satisfactorily to myself, to do my duty to two small parishes, in addition to Bessingby, the charge of which I had been induced to undertake. My eldest son, therefore, was placed with a clergyman at Driffield,—Frederick still remaining with me.

The records hitherto given of this interesting child—endeared to me by his ardency of affection, playful simplicity, reverential obedience, and, in no small degree, by his delicacy and feebleness—have been chiefly in reference to his character and behaviour. But I have now to speak, more

particularly, of the condition and development of his mind.

From his general delicacy of health, it was not deemed prudent to subject him to that process of scholastic discipline and instruction to which more robust children of his age are usually put; nor, indeed, could he, from his frequent ailing condition, have possibly been kept under any regular course of instruction. Hitherto, therefore, but mere domestic instruction had been afforded him, and that only to the extent of reading,—except as to religious knowledge, which, being the one-thing most needful, had been made the prominent subject. At Bridlington Quay, however, his strength being improving, and his limbs beginning to get straighter, he was put into the school of a respectable female, where he made some progress in elementary matters. But his advancement in spiritual perceptions was the only thing remarkable. In ordinary attainments, indeed, he was backward for his years; but in this —the essential concern of life, and the chief object of our creation—the Spirit of the Lord seems to have blessed him in no common degree. His devotional aspect, when present during divine worship in public, or in the services of the family altar, was, as has been seen, even in infancy, striking and interesting; but it could not then be ascribed to any knowledge of the business in

which he was engaged, but rather to the goodly sympathies of a tractable disposition, developed, nevertheless, by that blessed Spirit who, 'out of the mouths of babes and sucklings, has, at other times, perfected praise.' But now there was an acquirement of real spiritual knowledge, with, in many respects, an acting upon what he knew, which was very striking. He had long been taught, as children usually are taught, "to say their prayers;" but Frederick, even at this early age of betwixt six and seven, was guided, doubtless, by a spiritual influence, to make supplication also extemporarily for such things as he felt he wanted, or for persons in whom he felt special interest.

One of his prayers, about this period of his life (1826), which was overheard and reported to me by his nurse, was truly remarkable. The circumstance occurred on a Saturday evening, after his usual particular ablutions, when, previous to retiring to his bed, he knelt down by a chair at the extremity of the room, for the purpose of prayer. After a few of his usual sentences of petition, Betty's attention was attracted by hearing him mention, with much earnestness of expression, the names of the heads of a kind and much-endeared family, with whom we had for a few days resided just previous to our departure from Liverpool. His prayer contained, as at the time I was assured, these striking words:—"God bless Dr.

and Mrs. ——; give them a new heart, and create a right spirit within them: put it into their hearts to buy a new Bible, and to have family-prayer, morning and evening; and help them to love Jesus Christ more and more!" Perhaps no series of petitions, within the same compass, which he could well have offered, would be considered by the Christian reader as embodying more important or appropriate subjects of supplication than these.

Soon after our arrival at our residence in Yorkshire, Frederick was attacked with a dangerous illness:—he was reduced to the very borders of the grave. I prayed and wept by his couch, which we had removed to my sitting-room, as over one dying. But, under the good providence of God, his life was unexpectedly preserved, instrumentally by his promptness and readiness to take whatever was administered to him. For, from the nature of his complaint, it was found necessary to produce a constant action in the bowels, by means of medicine taken at regular intervals both day and night. Though almost too feeble to raise himself, he took the repugnant draught the moment it was presented to him, neither questioning nor hesitating for a moment. The complaint at length was subdued, and in a few days his natural liveliness returned, and was succeeded by complete restoration.

In the summer of 1826, Bible Associations

were established at Bridlington Quay, Bridlington, and some neighbouring towns and villages, and the whole of the country, for nearly ten miles round, was brought under the operation of Mr. Dudley's admirable system*. Frederick attended the meetings held at Bridlington and at the Quay, and was much pleased with the speaking, especially with the illustrative anecdotes. Being well acquainted with the design of the Associations, he expressed a wish, (as hitherto he had only possessed a Testament,) to subscribe for a *Bible*. This desire being of course approved, he forthwith gave up the *whole* of his weekly allowance of pence, and cheerfully denied himself such little indulgences as that allowance was wont to supply, till his subscription was complete,—meanwhile calculating, or inquiring the period, with increasing interest as the time advanced, at which he would be entitled to the Bible, and then, greatly exulting, when he received it. Previously he had had a peculiar reverence for 'God's Book;' but the process by which

* The result of this experiment, on the efficacy of Bible Associations, is worthy of being recorded. In the year preceding that referred to (1825), the entire proceeds of subscriptions derived from Bridlington and the contiguous district, on behalf of the British and Foreign Bible Society, amounted, I am informed, but to £42, with a circulation of Bibles and Testaments of about eighty copies only. After the town of Bridlington, with the Quay, and the principal villages around, had been brought under the operation of Mr. Dudley's admirable system, the income collected for the Society, within the district before specified, amounted to £430, with a circulation of 1260 copies of the Sacred Volume, in one year!

he had obtained his own copy, served, according to very usual experience, greatly to enhance it to him. He was much delighted with it—read it frequently for hours at a time; and for a long period, I believe for nearly a year together, was wont to carry either his Bible or Testament, with a little collection of Hymns, up to his bed with him at night. In a few days he learnt, of his own accord, the names and order of most of the books of the Old Testament; and when reading his "Sermons for Children," or "Infant's Progress," (books which had been presented to him,) he was in the habit, unsolicited, of turning up the different passages referred to, and carefully reading them.

A crib was obtained for him that he might now sleep alone, which was placed by the side of my bed, and he was permitted to come to me every morning some little time previous to my rising. When I was disposed to listen to him, he was always ready to talk on serious subjects; and, wild and giddy as at other times he frequently was, he became immediately grave and sober when we began to converse on religious subjects, and he was always ready and delighted to speak about Christ.

One morning, in the month of January, 1827, he had come to my bed as usual, and was lying there, and talking with me, whilst I was in progress of dressing. He began of his own accord

to speak on the subject of *conversion*, and on the necessity of that great work for admission into heaven. Implicitly receiving this essential doctrine of the Christian faith, and not altogether feeling the evidences which he had been taught to require, he expressed his fears that he was not quite ready: 'he should be delighted,' he said, 'to be in heaven, but was afraid he had not got a new heart!' After a short interval of apparent thoughtfulness, in which he appears to have been meditating on his spiritual condition, he said,—"Papa! I'm afraid I hav'n't got a new heart, for I have so many bad tricks yet: but, then, I think I'm a little better, for I've got off some of my silly tricks"—referring to an occasional giddy habit, and making of faces,—"and I never forget to pray morning and evening: But, Papa!" he added,—looking at me in much earnestness, and in his evident anxiety lifting himself up in his bed—"Papa! do you think Jesus Christ will let me into heaven *with half a new heart!*"

Reading and singing were daily occupations with him. If he got hold of a book with which he was not previously acquainted, he would read observantly, that he might judge of its character —for if he found not the name of God or Christ in it, he inferred, from his self-devised test which he continued to apply, that "it was not a good book;" and, generally, unless it was a work on

natural history with prints, would lay it aside. For singing he always chose hymns, and gave a preference to those which were in praise of Christ. Being much delighted with congregational singing at public worship, he felt the appropriateness of the well-known Child's hymn of Watts, for the Lord's Day Evening, which he learnt of his own accord, and used with singular animation to sing :—

"Lord, how delightful 'tis to see
A whole assembly worship thee!
At once they sing, at once they pray;
They hear of heaven and learn the way.

I have been there, and still would go;
'Tis like a little heaven below;
Not all my pleasure and my play,
Shall tempt me to forget this day.

O, write upon my memory, Lord,
The texts and doctrines of thy Word;
That I may break thy laws no more,
But love thee better than before.

With thoughts of Christ and things Divine,
Fill up this foolish heart of mine;
That hoping pardon through his blood,
I may lie down, and wake with God."

His discernment of the character of hymns was very unusual; for of these that he committed to memory,—of which there were several,—the devotional character was always conspicuous. His general practice, on the Saturday evening, after carefully gathering up his playthings, and placing them in their usual receptacle, was

to sing the Evening Hymn—and almost always on the Sunday morning, the one above.

As an infant, he manifested the possession of a musical ear,—evincing a perception of time, as well as fondness for melody, long before he was able to speak. And when he began to sing, about his fifth or sixth year, I believe, his performance, without regard to a specific tune, was very curious. His melody, which was an extemporaneous assimilation of parts of various tunes which he had heard, with occasional original portions, was simple, natural, and pleasing. There was always an adaptation of musical cadence, in which a due reference to the key-note was constantly observable. If, in the progress of his stanza, the final cadence could not, in its proper place, be accomplished, without abruptness in the melody, he would repeat the last line of the verse—or a portion of it, if sufficient for the required object—sometimes two or three times over, in a varied form of notes, till the requisite cadence was obtained. By this method, it was not likely that he could continue the same tune to each succeeding stanza; but, generally, a resemblance was preserved throughout, and very rarely indeed was any change of key introduced in the progress of the same hymn, however long it might be.

In connection with his singing, he was in the

habit of rehearsing from memory, very frequently, a metrical history of the leading miracles of our blessed Lord—which he went through in a declamatory style, with exceeding gravity and fervency of manner—attaching it, as a sermon, to a text, which I suggested to him, from Acts x. 38:—"Who went about doing good."

He was much pleased to accompany me, as he was occasionally permitted to do, on my visits to either of my parishes; and would wait most patiently for *any* length of time, without interference, disturbance, or any appearance of weariness, whilst I was conversing with the farmers, or the inmates of their house. His imperfect strength, however, though considerably improved, would seldom permit him to take the requisite walk to the distant parishes, without enduring more fatigue than was desirable. Sometimes I took him before me on horseback, at others he would ride on a donkey, of which he was very fond, though he could by no means manage it without assistance; for the donkey preferred its own way, and, when left to his imperfect controul, was wont to assert its power of choice, and sometimes put him into peril by its deviations from the road.

At church, his conduct was most orderly and striking. The remembrance of his behaviour in the sanctuary, indeed, and of the pleasure he

ever manifested on going with me thither,—affords many interesting and satisfactory associations, and vividly recalls to mind the loveliness of the scene in, and around, the Church at Bessingby, on a fine Sunday afternoon in the summer. The admired village with its neat well-kept cottages, covered with the honeysuckle and the monthly rose—the rural lane running through it deviatingly to the church, adorned, in its well-furnished hedge-rows, with large and luxuriant horse-chesnuts—the appropriate site of the neat church, with its then carefully-kept grave-yard,—and, added to these more permanent features of rural beauty, the animated interest yielded to the picture by the numerous strangers from the Quay, in the gay colours of summer attire, seen traversing the verdant fields and terminal lane on their progress to unite with us in our quiet religious exercises,—altogether presented a scene of picturesque beauty, and even an accumulation of the adjuncts to devotion, not to be remembered without very strong emotions.

Nor was the interest of this happy region exhausted on the external impressions; there seemed to be carried within, a favourable preparation for the services of the Sanctuary, which seemed to aid and elevate the pious worshippers in the solemn object of their coming amongst us. And whilst thus the general aspect of the congregation

became, not unfrequently, peculiarly striking,—as if they worshipped in an atmosphere of devotion,—the dear subject of this memorial was not hidden in the mass. He generally became conspicuous from his habit of standing during the sermon upon the seat of the pew,—where he might be observed looking steadfastly at the preacher, rarely turning his head, or withdrawing for a moment his eyes, till the service was concluded.

The intelligent apprehension of pious things, so observable in Frederick, with his winning manners towards those who seemed to enter into his feelings—gained him some valuable friends during his residence at Bridlington Quay. Among those at whose houses he was always a welcome visitor, were Mr. W——, and Mrs. B——. The latter—a revered mother in Israel now passed into the heavens—regarded him with undeviating and affectionate interest, and never failed, with the help of a young friend of her household, to render his visits to her both satisfactory and pleasant. To her house—or to the cliff contiguous—we used frequently to resort in the summer's evening to watch the play of the distant lightning, which gave to the eastern ocean, and to the whole breadth of the fine bay of Bridlington, as momentarily but frequently illuminated, a peculiar and impressive beauty. Sometimes,

indeed, the scene there witnessed was of too sublime a character to be contemplated as a mere pleasure;—for, in the summer more particularly referred to, this beautiful phenomenon of nature was singularly prevalent, and, in different places, was productive of consequences fatal to human life. On one of the occasions indeed, when we had a very high enjoyment, not perhaps unmixed with awe, in watching the splendour of the lightning in the North,—a young lady was struck by the electric fire at Scarborough, the direction in which we observed it, and killed,—whilst near York, and on the Malvern Hills, other fatal effects were produced about the same period of time. In general, however, we had the privilege of contemplating the splendid meteor without personal risk, or disturbing apprehension,—and sometimes of observing modifications of the phenomenon, which were at once beautiful and uncommon. Once, I remember, our attention was particularly drawn to the thunder, the rattling of which was so sharp and incessant, that at first we mistook it for the noise of flint stones canted out of carts. The whole sky, at the time, was screened by a singular black mass of cloud, of a variegated density, as in the form of waves;—across this stratum, apparently from east to west, the electric discharge continued to be made at tolerably regular intervals for a

considerable period; and so short were the intervals, that, by the time the thunder reached our ears from the western or more distant extremity of the region through which the electric currents passed, another discharge had taken place, and the sound from the nearest part of the region above had become audible to us:—this rendered the reverberation so perpetual that, for nearly an hour, I did not observe a single interval, of absolute silence, of more than eight or ten seconds of time! These exhibitions of natural phenomena, generally so appalling to children, and even to others,—Frederick was often enabled to unite with me in calmly contemplating, if not enjoying, simply from a child-like persuasion that being with me, and not seeing in me any signs of fear, he was therefore himself safe from harm.

Chapter IV.

MEMORIAL OF FIVE YEARS' RESIDENCE IN LIVERPOOL,—INCLUDING RECORDS OF HIS OBSERVATIONS AND REFLECTIONS.

With opening day-light new dangers appear,
The conflict advances, fresh foes are seen near;
But the method of Grace is to wake by alarm,
By the peril of conflict to rescue from harm.

Satisfactorily as the various particulars hitherto related of this interesting child may be adduced as signs of a work of Grace, it must not be imagined that, in other respects, he was without faults. On the contrary; whilst, through the obvious operations of the Spirit of Christ, there was so much that was pleasing and godly, —there were, on the other hand, signs of a natural order, abundantly indicative of 'a law in the members, warring against the law of the mind, and' not unfrequently, alas! 'bringing him into captivity to the law of sin in the members.' He was generally, however, open to rebuke, when he had erred—endeavoured to remember the fault—and, on different occasions, was known to pray against it. Hence the struggles of a

better spirit with his constitutional infirmity, so obvious at this early age, became at once interesting, as indicative of the operation of Divine grace, and the cause of real sorrow to those who watched anxiously over him, when the law of the flesh appeared, for a season, to suppress, if not to overcome, the strivings of the Holy Ghost.—But to this subject, to which I have thought it right more than once already to allude, we shall have occasion again to recur as we proceed.

In the Providence of God, I was called again to a change of residence in the summer of 1827, by an appointment to the Chaplaincy of the Mariners' Church at Liverpool.

To this place of our previous abode, we returned in the month of May of the above year. We were again received into the hospitable mansion of the kind friends with whom we quartered previous to our removal, where we remained till I had obtained a house, and so far furnished it as to render it capable of receiving us.

Frederick was now sent along with his brother, to a boys' school in the neighbourhood—his general health being somewhat improved—where, for the first time, he was put into a regular course of instruction. His attainments, for his age, were consequently very backward; but in com-

pensation for his lack of ordinary knowledge, there was a development of mind on religious subjects, which became increasingly striking and interesting, of which I have happily some few records in memoranda made at the time.

The first of these, of the date of August 18th, 1827, I shall here transcribe.

After our arrival in Liverpool, on the day above mentioned, Frederick not yet being nine years old, I observed him, at breakfast-time, with his Bible (in which he greatly delighted) open before him, when he began a conversation with reference to the parable of the Ten Virgins, the portion on which he had been meditating. Whilst reading it, he made remarks in his progress, observing, 'that the wise *could not* give oil to the foolish.' I asked him, why? "Because," said he, "the oil, you know, is the Spirit of Christ in the heart, and they *could not give that;*" "but," after a little reflection, he added, "they said, Go, and buy for yourselves:—that means, that they should go and pray for the oil, and the wise could also pray for them."

By a transition common to the minds of children, he then began to speak of the nature of the *Judgment*, desiring to be informed, how the man who had one talent, and had misemployed it, could be judged before the judgment day? Being answered as to his question,

by referring the parable to the *time* of the judgment—he passed on to enquiries about the state of the angels, and departed spirits, saying—"Papa! if Satan had not been in hell to torment the wicked, would they have been tormented?" "But how did the wicked angels fall? There can be nothing wicked in heaven,—how, then, did they become wicked there?" These questions obliged me to declare my ignorance concerning the deep mysteries involved therein. I told him they were not revealed, and I knew them not.

Though possessing, as afterwards appeared, considerable moral steadfastness and courage, Frederick was physically of a timid character. And this obviously influenced, as natural temperament always, in some measure, does, his religious feelings and affections. He manifested, by various Scriptural tokens, a love for Christ. He loved his sacred name—he loved those books which magnified Him or treated of His miracles and works of mercy—and he was evidently under the influence of reverence for, and made frequent efforts after obedience to, His holy commands,—and, saith our Lord, "he that hath my commandments and keepeth them, he it is that loveth me." But with these tokens of love, the *fear* of God was the more prevalent feeling of which he was conscious. He frequently expressed his anxieties and apprehensions to me; 'he was often afraid

of God,' he said, 'when he remembered how much he had sinned; for he knew that he only deserved hell because of his sins, and he was greatly afraid of dying, before he was converted, lest he should be lost.' It was evident that the Holy Spirit was striving with the dear child; but whilst there remained many manifestations of the carnal mind, in his yet unsubdued irritability and hastiness of temper—I could not dare to check that salutary influence which is declared to be "the beginning of wisdom;" encouraging him only with the expression of my confidence in this respect, that 'He who had manifestly begun a good work in his heart, would certainly,—if he did not quench the Spirit and compel His departure,—carry it on to the day of his conversion: and that my hope and belief was, that the Almighty would preserve him till such time as he was ready to meet Him with acceptance in Christ Jesus.'

The influence of this fear, it would appear, was peculiarly awakened on occasion of my preaching a sermon [Nov. 11, 1827], from the solemn text, —"The wicked shall be turned into hell, and all the nations that forget God." That this sermon was the occasion of exciting afresh, and more painfully, his previous fears, seems probable, from two circumstances, which I proceed now to relate, that occurred within a few weeks after he heard it.

One night, not long after the occasion referred to, when he had been some time in bed, the attention of his former nurse was excited, by hearing him crying, which, being a circumstance very unusual, induced her to hasten to his room to inquire the cause. The occasion of his grief, as he explained to her at the time, was, 'because it had come into his mind that the wicked should be turned into hell, and all the nations that *forget* God, and he was afraid that he should be punished in like manner, because he had forgotten to pray before he went to bed!'

Not long afterwards a further evidence of the impression of this text, was singularly manifested, of which I made a note at the time.—On the evening of Saturday, 19th of January, 1828, Frederick came up to family prayers, into the library, with his face, naturally pallid, glowing with the deepest crimson. I asked the cause of it; but could only then learn that he had been standing for some time close in front of a large fire below-stairs, till the extraordinary effect I had observed was produced. The next morning, however, afforded a fuller explanation. Returning with me from church, he earnestly put this question,—"Papa! Is it wrong to be afraid of being ill or sick?" As far as I remember, I intimated to him, 'that such a feeling might be salutary if it induced us to seek to make our peace with God,

and so to disarm death of its terrors;' but he proceeded to remark,—"I have been *afraid* ever since I remembered that the wicked should be turned into hell, and all the nations that forget God;" —and then, with truly child-like simplicity, added—"I was trying last night how much fire I could bear!"

His implicit confidence in me, and unquestioning reliance upon my judgment, and the wisdom of my guidance, were at once honourable to his feelings, and instructive to me—as pointing out the confidence which it behoves us to have in the guidance, and dealings with us, of our heavenly Father. One morning, when at breakfast, in the month of April 1828, he began to speak of my Arctic voyages and adventures, observing—that 'he should like to have gone to sea with me, and he should yet like to be always with me;' "for," said he, "then I should be out of danger; for I always think that nothing can hurt me when I am beside papa!" Well would it be for all Christians, if such were their prevalent feeling towards God! Happy would it be for him who writes, and for those who read, this Memorial, if in this respect we should all be converted and become as little children!

The idea of security in my presence; so strongly impressed upon Frederick's mind—is so beautifully brought out in some verses before me,

copied in the handwriting of the dear child himself, that, well-known as they may happen to be, I shall be excused for giving them a place here.

"'Twas when the seas with awful roar
A little bark assail'd,
And pallid Fear's distracting pow'r
O'er each on board prevail'd—

Save one, the Captain's darling child,
Who steadfast view'd the storm;
And cheerful with composure smil'd,
At Danger's threat'ning form.

'Why sporting thus?'—a seaman cried,
'While terrors overwhelm?'
'Why yield to fear?' the boy replied,
'*My father 's at the helm!*'—

Christian! from him be daily taught
To check thy groundless fear,
Think on the wonders He has wrought,
Jehovah 's ever near.

Safe in his hand, and happy lay,
Tho' swelling surges rise,
He'll turn thy darkness into day,
And clear thy gloomy skies.

Still upwards look, howe'er distress'd,
Till Jesus bring thee home
To the fair port of endless rest,
Where tempests never come."

At this period, and for a long time previous, Frederick was in the daily practice of devotional singing, and of frequent private prayer. In the frequency of his prayers, I often felt myself reproved. For this exercise and duty, he was wont to retire to a bed-room, as opportunity offered, or the thought seemed to enter his mind,—especially

at those periods of confinement at home from colds, or from the effects of indigestion, which were very frequent in the winter months during the first three or four years after our return to Liverpool; and there, in his privacy, he could be heard giving utterance to extemporary prayers,—many of his petitions, as occasionally overheard, being observed to be striking, appropriate, and devotional.

As to his singing, which has been particularly mentioned in the foregoing Chapter—there was something very remarkable. He sang only hymns or psalms—those peculiarly devotional, as I have said, and especially hymns in praise of Christ, being generally selected and preferred. This practice, apostolically commended, of singing to himself "in psalms, and hymns, and spiritual songs,"—he continued for the purpose of employment, as well as of devotional exercise, till after he entered his tenth year, and then a curious circumstance suddenly put a stop to it. At the time referred to, he was still at the school where he was first placed after our return to Liverpool. A party of his school-fellows—big boys compared to himself—encountered him on one occasion, in a back street contiguous to the school, and peremptorily ordered him, as they had found out that he was in the practice of singing, *to sing* some of his hymns to them there. Re-

monstrance, however earnestly put forth, was found unavailing, and resistance was alike vain: he was surrounded, and they refused to let him go till he complied, which, at length, most reluctantly he was compelled to attempt. After this, I scarcely ever heard him—to the best of my recollection—engage in his usual practice of singing, unless in a place of public worship; for, from the painfulness of the situation in which his schoolfellows had placed him, he seems to have taken a disgust at the exercise which, previously, he had so much enjoyed; and from that time, and, as far as I could learn, from that cause chiefly, he abandoned the practice.*

Frederick was very fond of attending public meetings for religious objects—and entered, with real interest, into such parts of the communications of the speakers as were applicable to his capacity and state of mind. The anecdotes and incidents were, of course, the chief matters of interest. In the summer of 1828, he attended with me an anniversary meeting of the Mariners' Church Society, held at the Town Hall, at which the then Bishop of Chester [Dr. Blomfield], the Patron of the Society, assisted. It was an excellent meeting, with good speaking; but

* This statement, which I believe to be substantially correct, was made to me some years after the event by one of his schoolfellows, who had become apprised of the circumstance.

more formal, perhaps, than would be deemed popular with a general audience, whilst the style of speaking was very much above the apprehension of a child. Frederick, as usual, however, *seemed* very attentive; but I was much surprised and amused on hearing his opinion of it. I asked him 'how he liked the meeting'? His answer, as well as I remember, was, 'that he had liked it very well.' But on enquiring into any particulars in which he might have felt interested, he replied to this effect;—"the Bishop was *clapped* — times; Mr. Jones, — times; and you, papa, — times!"

In the summer of 1829, on the invitation of the late intelligent and much respected Colonel F. G——,—to whom by a recent interesting alliance I had become nearly connected,—we paid a visit of five or six weeks, a family party, at his residence at Corkbegg, in the south of Ireland. —Poor Frederick suffered much in his progress thither by sea-sickness, but was amply repaid by the new scenes which he there witnessed, the new recreations he there enjoyed, and the new friends he there made. Among the latter he was most particularly pleased with his introduction to two pious nieces of ours—the Misses H——, —whose residence was within a few miles of the place of our principal sojourning. With such

persons, indeed, he was generally wont to make attached and permanent friends. They were pleased with his intelligence on the subjects of deepest interest to their own hearts; and, in encouraging him to converse with them on such subjects, he at once interested their feelings, and endeared himself to them. Of many of their conversations together, they subsequently spoke to me, as being peculiarly delightful; and indeed they rarely walked out with the dear child, which they had many opportunities of doing, without finding some topic spring up, either in reference to the Scriptures, or to the actings of the mind with regard to religious experiences, both gratifying and instructive.

After his return from this first interesting visit, of which he always had the most pleasant associations, he had subsequent opportunities, by correspondence, as well as by a second visit to the same part of the country,—when we were occasionally resident under the same roof with the Misses H——, —of cultivating a real and mutual friendship with them. Of his letters to Louisa H——, several extracts have been furnished me, which, as illustrative of the character of his mind and the nature of his feelings, will be introduced either in the order of their dates, or in connection with the subjects to which they respectively refer.

The habit of the dear boy, Frederick, of a daily reading of the Scriptures, was continued, whenever the burden of his lessons and preparations for school would admit. The Sabbath, in the intervals of worship, he almost always spent in reading the Bible, or other books suitable for the day. But his various school exercises, and the full employment of his time, during the periods required for his education, of course broke in upon both the extent and the regularity of his every-day devotions. Still, he was generally ready, on any occasion of leisure, to appropriate a portion of such leisure to a devotional purpose. He was always forward, for example, to accompany us to any occasional service in church, or devotional assemblage elsewhere, though it might be at the expence of his now very limited hours of recreation. And after the establishment of a reading-room for the sailors—named the *Seamen's Resort*—in which I gave an evening exposition, after prayers, weekly on Wednesdays—Frederick was wont to request permission to attend; and for opportunity to do so he would often hasten his lessons, in order that he might be at liberty to accompany me. His attention there, as at church, was striking and interesting.

A reference to one of his visits to this place of social devotion,—an occasion, indeed, really memorable and interesting,—occurs in a letter

addressed to Miss H——. After speaking of the familiar services held in the Seamen's Resort, in a manner abundantly indicative of his real participation in them, he says,—"One night, a nobleman, Lord Mount Sandford, went with papa to the reading-room; and when the service was over, he spoke to them"—the sailors—after this manner:—"I am a poor sinner like yourselves: I was once a sailor—then in the army—and now am going to *devote myself to God.*" In describing the effect of the address which this pious and venerable nobleman gave with genuine feeling, and in kind condescension towards his humble audience, Frederick truly observes;—that "he had no sooner spoken, than they all burst out a-crying, both the women and the sailors."

Both in reading the Scriptures in private, and in hearing them read in church—at which times he generally had his Bible with him, and diligently followed the Minister in the lessons for the day—it was evident that his mind was really engaged on the subjects before him. Of this, decided indications were frequently given in his observations on the passages which he had been reading, or which had occurred, in the course of the Service, in the church. Some of his observations were striking, intelligent, and even remarkable. Unfortunately my memory does not enable me at all adequately to prove the justifiableness of

this statement, though two or three memoranda of the years 1829-30, may serve as specimens.

His view of the deficiency of Moses in eloquence, was this;—'that, as to his not being able to speak, it was *not necessary*, as Aaron could: if,' for the performance of the work to which God had appointed him, 'it *had* been necessary, God would have given him the faculty of speech.'

In respect to the change, by Christ, of the law of old—'an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth,' &c.—our blessed Lord appointed the change, he supposed, "in order to promote *peace;* otherwise," said he, "if one struck another, it would produce anger and quarrelling!"

Under the date of December 20th, 1829, however, I have a note of a more remarkable instance of his attention and intelligence, in respect to a really difficult passage in the Prophets. In the first Lesson for the morning of that day,—Isaiah xxx.,—being the Fourth Sunday in Advent,—we thus read, at the 27th and 28th verses: "Behold, the name of the Lord cometh from far, burning with his anger, and the burden thereof is heavy; his lips are full of indignation, and his tongue as a devouring fire; and his breath, as an overflowing stream, shall reach to the midst of the neck, to sift the nations with the sieve of vanity; and there shall be a bridle in the jaws of the people, causing them to err"! On returning

from church, the dear child questioned me respecting two clauses in these verses, which had perplexed him; and he wished, he said, to know "How the burden of the Lord could be *heavy* (ver. 27): or how a bridle in the jaws of the people could cause them *to err* (ver. 28), when it was written—that Christ's yoke is *easy*, not heavy; and since a bridle is to guide a horse *right*, not to make it err?" I explained to him that the *burden* of the Lord, in this place, is His *anger*—"the grievousness of the flame thereof" [*marginal reading*], being heavy. On which, perceiving at once the character of the figure he had so naturally mistaken, he immediately gave a very fair, and, indeed, unexceptionable paraphrase of the passage.

It is a striking indication of the source—in Infinite Wisdom—from whence the Word of Revelation sprung, that, in its application to all the moral and spiritual necessities of man,—whether for instruction or reproof, consolation or guidance —it is inexhaustible; and, like its Divine Author, unlimited, infinite! Of this grand characteristic of the sacred writings, Frederick became, by experience, aware. Speaking, on one occasion, of the Scriptures, he marked this peculiarity, observing—'that every time he read the Bible, he found out something *new*:' "the more we read

it," he continued, "the more we discover: something new to encourage us," or 'to do us good.' "And," he added, "if there be any thing we want to know,—such as what we must do to be holy, or any thing of religion which we wish to understand,—*we are almost sure, when we read the Bible, to find something about it.*"—If now the unboundedness of application of the Scriptures be an evidence of their divine original,—to find something, wherever we turn, on the subject of our spiritual enquiries, as the dear child did, is a token, surely, of a heart both taught and guided by the Spirit of God!

Another indication of the actings of the Divine Spirit in the breast of the interesting boy, was evinced in the efforts, which he was observed not unfrequently to make, for the purpose of commending the Scriptures to others, or for advancing the cause of Christ's kingdom. Respecting these efforts, I have two or three memoranda, which I now insert.

One of his schoolfellows, at the period now referred to (1830) was a Jew,—a boy about his own age. Frederick took occasion, on a favourable opportunity when they happened to be alone, to speak to him on the subject of his faith, when the following conversation ensued. "H———," said he,—addressing the little Israelite by his name,—"would you like to burn for ever and

ever?" "No!" promptly answered the boy,—no doubt surprised by the singularity of the question: "But, except you be *converted*," returned Frederick, "you will!" "What is it to be converted?" asked the Jew boy in his turn. "It is to change your religion," and, he no doubt meant to imply, to become a true Christian. "But I wo'n't do that," was the indignant answer. "Will you read the Testament," pursued Frederick, "if I bring you one?" "Yes," answered the other, "if my mother does not know!"

Frederick having, with a desire for instruction how to act, communicated to me the above conversation when at dinner the same day, expressed a wish 'to speak to him farther, and to read the Scriptures to him, if he would hear him.' "But how," said the dear little fellow—inquisitively looking up to me—"how shall I know what to read?" After a moment's reflection he himself added—"O, I know: I will ask God to direct me what to read!"

This is the extent of my notes of this conversation, and the issue, unfortunately, I do not well remember. It was a subject, however, which evidently dwelt upon his mind, for he spoke of it with considerable interest to Miss H—— some time afterwards, asking advice, I believe, of her, how he should best proceed in furtherance of his object, and likewise suggesting a mode which occurred to himself, of offering to his Israelitish

friend some shells, procured in Ireland, by the way of conciliating his favourable feelings.

My professional duties, as Chaplain of the Mariners' Church, led me frequently among the shipping in the docks. In order to make myself acquainted, as far as circumstances allowed, with the numerous Captains frequenting this port—both with a view, under the Divine blessing, to the promotion of religion among them personally, and, through their instrumentality, among the sailors under their command—it was a rule with me to endeavour to visit the docks, at a stated time, weekly. The day generally appropriated to this object being one on which Frederick had 'a half-holiday,' he was often my companion on these pastoral excursions, in which he evinced the gladness of his heart by skipping about me, kissing the hand wherewith he was conducted, and by other simple tokens of endearing affection.

This was an object, indeed,—as pursued amid a scene singularly replete with things and circumstances of interest,—calculated to yield a high and peculiar enjoyment. The traversing of the varied and extended region of the docks, in which were found the ships of almost all the commercial nations in the world, with those of our own country, employed in communication with every quarter of the globe;—the progress

along the quays, instinct with life and activity, —*here* covered with the results of British machinery and industry, in the act of being loaded for foreign countries, and *there* crowded with the multifarious produce of the various distant regions just poured, in astonishing quantities, out of the cavernous holds of the shipping from abroad;—the visiting of ship after ship in accidental succession, in which, though so much alike in their genera, an endless variety, on inspection of their specific and individual distinctions, was exhibited;—the observant inspection of the various classes of the shipping—one class characterised by their taut and graceful masts, the geometrical precision of all their external arrangements, with the consistent taste or splendour of their equipments; and another class by the abandonment of all external beauty, or interior ornament, to economy and mere utility;—the watching, occasionally, the more majestic of these fabrics, on their ingress or egress, at the entrances of the different docks, or as they cheerily spread their canvas, and commenced their adventurous way towards their different destinations;—the contemplating, from the external quays and piers, on the one side, the surprising forest of masts in repose within the docks, extending for a couple of miles in almost uninterrupted continuity; and, on the other side, the vast fleets of shipping, some at anchor, some

sailing, some steaming in the river;—these things, taken in conjunction, in their singular extent and variety, naturally rendered our periodical visitations among them, occasions, not of idle curiosity merely, but of most interesting and instructive research.

Of the extent to which the youthful subject of this memorial was able to enter into the peculiar beauties and characteristics of the scene wherein he so much delighted, I am not able to say; but of the practical purport of my professional visits to the docks, he certainly had so correct an apprehension, as to take a decided and personal interest in its success. That this was the case, his conduct on almost every occasion on which he accompanied me, afforded some evident indication. But it was more strikingly evinced, about the period to which the foregoing details relate, by the anxiety he manifested to become, if possible, of himself useful, towards the promotion of the religious object to which my attention was specially directed. With a view to a participation in some measure of usefulness, Frederick, of his own accord, made a purchase—at the cost of a considerable portion of his little weekly allowance for a season—of a bundle of tracts and small books, in order that, when he should accompany me on my pastoral excursions about the docks, he might distribute them, along with some others

which had been presented to him, among the sailors. This service, in which I was most ready to encourage him, he soon managed—after he had somewhat overcome his diffidence in first addressing himself to strangers—with tolerable success and satisfaction; occasionally getting into conversation with the boys and seamen, so as to recommend to them the perusal of the publications with which he presented them.

A brief representation of his views and feelings, with reference to this occupation, was given by himself to Miss H———, in one of his early communications to her by letter, as follows:—

"When I went with Papa to the ships, I was a little *afraid* to give the tracts away at first; but, by degrees, I got to like it very much. I gave all the tracts you gave me, the first afternoon. I had a little encouragement, for they began to ask me for some. I added to every tract 'The Swearer's Prayer,' because, that were they in the habit of doing the things mentioned in the [other] tracts, or were not, yet, perhaps, they might be in the habit of swearing."

This extract shows—as one who much esteemed him, well observes—"that he loved others, not in word only, but in deed, and in truth." And "another evidence of his desiring the *spiritual* welfare of others was"—as the same individual remarks—"his having the spirit of *intercessory*

prayer. I recollect his telling me," she adds, "that he pictured to himself a number of persons with whom he was acquainted, assembled together in a room;—for these, I believe, he prayed individually: 'Oh,' he said, describing the circumstance, 'it was a very long prayer.'"

On one of these occasions of dock-perambulation, of which I am reminded by a memorandum from Miss H———, Frederick, attending to a conversation betwixt myself and the Captain of a small vessel, into whose cabin we had been invited, heard him speak of one of his little apprentices as being a *pious* boy. The circumstance was too interesting to Frederick to pass unheeded; so that, on ascending from the cabin to the deck, where he observed two boys at work, he became anxious to ascertain which of them was the pious one, that he might speak to him. And this he was enabled promptly to determine;—"for I remarked," he said, in relating the incident to Miss H———, "that one of them worked harder than the other"—adding, with much animation, —"I knew *that* must be the religious boy:"—"a pleasing proof of *his* conviction," as the relater remarks, "that true principle will produce practical effects!"

After returning from one of the first of these, his more useful, visits,—a note of which, under the date of September 25th, 1830, I have before

me,—he somewhat anxiously asked me, 'if I thought the tracts he had distributed' (consisting of the little stock he had brought with him, and the whole of which he had dispersed among seafaring persons), 'would do any good?' In reply, I reminded him of the province of *duty*, and the *source* of all blessing; and that he having done his part, the blessing now rested with God. "O yes!" he promptly remarked—"it has just come into my mind what to do;—to pray to God to give his blessing, and make the reading of the Tracts profitable to the sailors who have received them!" He expressed, at the same time, his anxiety and regret, 'that he himself did not feel such devotedness to Christ, as, like St. Paul, to desire to depart and be with Him, which is far better; and, therefore, he *feared* he was not converted!' I explained to him that that feeling, in the mind of St. Paul, was not the *ordinary* or essential mark of conversion; but a mark of a peculiar and lofty condition of faith and piety in that distinguished Apostle.

The variety of novel or striking objects met with in visiting the docks, seldom failed, when Frederick was with me, of eliciting some new reflection—in very many cases originating in the mind of my youthful companion—which served to guide us to a subject of useful or interesting conversation. Respecting these conversations, I

regret that memory supplies so little; one example, however, recorded in a minute made at the time, which I give almost verbally as it stands, may serve as a specimen. It is as follows:—

My little boy, Frederick, accompanied me in a visit to the docks, on the 24th of October, 1829. Whilst standing on the side of the quay—looking at a vessel in which the Captain and several men were actively engaged getting out some spars—he observed;—"Papa, I think it must be very *safe* to have good men in a ship." I asked him, why he thought so? "Because," said he, "if there be good men on board, they will pray to God, and God may hear their prayers, and save the whole of the people, for their sake. And," added he, "if there was only one good man, he might be the means of saving them all. For as he would pray when they were in danger, God would perhaps put it into his heart what to do for their safety, and so all of them would be saved through him." Approving of the sentiments so pleasingly expressed, I made a remark to the effect, 'that there were cases in which the Lord, in his wisdom, might not see fit to answer every prayer for deliverance, though, in many instances, the prayers of the righteous would be the saving of the whole crew.' "Yes," he quickly observed, "if one have just become religious and be converted, God may see that it would be an injury

for him to live, as he would perhaps fall again into sin, and so it might be better for him to be taken away when he was safe!"

Whilst the docks of Liverpool supply, by mental associations, many vivid and interesting recollections of the beloved boy, who so frequently accompanied me in my visitations thither,—not less vivid or striking are the remembrances associated with the Mariners' Church, where, during the whole period of my ministry in Liverpool, he was amongst the number of the most regular in attendance, and, apparently, one of the most attentive to the ordinances, of those who worshipped therein.

The Mariners' Church in itself, was—and, I doubt not, continues to be—a place of peculiar interest. Consisting of a ship of war—appropriated by the Government to the use of the "Mariners' Church Society" at Liverpool, for their assistance in the good work of the propagation of religion among the numerous seamen frequenting that large and important port,—there was exhibited, in such an appropriation of the things of conflict and violence to the purposes of the Gospel, a pleasing anticipation of the transformations of that blessed period of prophecy, when 'they shall beat their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks;

when nation shall cease to lift up sword against nation, and they shall not learn war any more!' In the structure itself, therefore, will the pious and contemplative reader be able to discern a peculiar feature of interest in this novel example of "a house of prayer." But if from novelty of structure, aptness of appropriation, excellence of arrangement, or ampleness of accommodation,—the Mariners' Church be, in itself, an object of popular attention and interest,—how much more so when seen under the circumstances of its designed application as a seaman's sanctuary—as a banquetting-house of the Lord, well furnished with guests!

During the period referred to—of which it is only needful to speak—the attendance of seamen in this *their own Church*, was numerous and gratifying. In general,—in a congregation varying from some hundreds to, probably, a thousand,—there was a *large* preponderance of sea-faring persons, filling, very frequently, almost the whole body of the Church, besides a portion of the galleries, whose attention and decorum were at once striking, unvarying, and impressive. There was, indeed, (as I have elsewhere remarked*) an intenseness of interest—an openness of ear and heart—a tenderness and simplicity of feeling, so remarkable as to be often

* "Memorials of the Sea," p. 178.

deeply affecting, and so as to constitute a series of uniform characteristics of this interesting congregation.

Besides the truly impressive aspect of so large a body of "blue-jackets" engaged in the solemnities of devotion,—and so engaged, that, under the mercy of God, there is reason to hope, that the Mariners' Church has become the scene of blessing to many immortal souls,—an additional attraction was yielded to this floating tabernacle, by remarkable incidents connected with it, or from the not unfrequent visits of interesting strangers.

The incidents connected with this floating sanctuary; the histories of adventurous individuals with whom I became acquainted in ministering there; the results of the labour in the Gospel, which the Lord of the harvest was occasionally pleased to manifest among the congregation,—would be sufficient to supply materials for a volume in themselves; so that I am constrained to exclude a variety of interesting particulars very closely associated with, though not necessarily belonging to, the subject of this publication.

Of one particular visit, however, of an interesting stranger—which the present reference to the Mariners' Church vividly recalls—I shall be excused, it is hoped, in giving a more detailed account.

The visitor, on the occasion referred to, was the celebrated Brahmin, Rammohun Roy; whose

very first attendance at public worship, according to the formularies of the Establishment, after his arrival in England, was in the Mariners' Church. His appearance there, in his native costume, was calculated to excite the attention of even the most devotional; so that it was not surprising that Frederick should have noticed, with particular observation, the conspicuous and interesting stranger. He came to our seamen's sanctuary, accompanied by a Liverpool merchant, and a young prepossessing Hindoo, an adopted son. Having been shown into the minister's pew, he was offered a chair, which was placed at the entrance; but, with a marked expression of humility, he declined it, preferring to sit on one of the benches. He seemed greatly struck with the fixedness of attention, and appearance of devotion of the seamen; and was himself particularly regardful of the forms observed by the congregation, with only one exception,—and that occurred on the reading of the Lord's Prayer, when, on each repetition of it, he was observed to stand up. The discourse, on this occasion, was on the moral and spiritual disease of our original nature, with an exposition of the Gospel process appointed for its healing,—a subject, not calculated, it might seem, to be generally pleasing, especially to one supposed to hold Unitarian sentiments,—yet the Rajah, in

the first expression of his feelings, as he entered the vestry after the service, with evident sensibility, exclaimed,—"Happy indeed I am!" And on different occasions afterwards, he spoke with a good deal of feeling of this service, and in language characteristically expressive of his enjoyment of it.

Having thus introduced to the reader this remarkable stranger, I may venture to digress into some further particulars concerning him, which a not unfrequent personal intercourse, during his first visit to Liverpool, afforded me the opportunity of ascertaining or observing.

It was on the 9th of April, 1831,—the very morning on which Rammohun Roy landed in England,—that I had the pleasure of being introduced to him. Though I was unfavourably prepossessed in regard to the religious principles of this distinguished Hindoo, supposing them to be strictly Socinian,—my prejudice was considerably removed even on my first brief interview with him. He was a striking personage, apparently about sixty years of age. Though his figure was heavy, and inactive, yet his general appearance was commanding and manly—his countenance expressive and intellectual—his manners courteous, refined, and prepossessing. His hair, as far as seen, beneath his turban, was black and curly; his eyes dark, and with more

expression and penetration than is usual v
the Hindoos, but far from severe. He v
mustaches; but the chin and lower part of
face were shaved. His costume consisted
kind of cloth tunic enveloping the person, v
an interior vestment of pale blue silk. A c
mere shawl hung over his shoulders, and a s
or shawl formed a belt for the waist. His h
was never seen uncovered. He wore black
stockings, with shoes similar to ours. The to
surface of the neck was bare.

On my being introduced to him, as one
had published different volumes on the A
Regions, he took me cordially by the hand,
said, 'he had not read my works, but had h
of them.' 'As his stay,' he observed, 'would
but short in Liverpool, he was desirous of mal
the best use of his time, especially in hearing
the following day, being Sunday, some of
preachers,' adding,—"for I am anxious to k
what Christianity is in England." Having
the outset, been informed that I was a Clergy
of the Establishment, he asked the hour
service in our churches, and then quickly sa
"I will come to your church in the eveni
"We have no evening service," I said; "th
will come in the afternoon."

Considering that he held the usual opinion
the Unitarians, among many of whom

doctrine of the essential depravity of human nature is either altogether denied, or received in a very limited degree,—I was agreeably surprised at an observation he made, during this interview, which was strikingly expressive of his feeling of *personal sinfulness*. "It is not every one," I remarked—referring to the class with whom he was supposed to coincide—"who will admit that." "Not admit his sinfulness?" he ejaculated with evident surprise,—"then," with an emphatic solemnity, he said, "*he that is without sin, must be* MORE *than man, or* LESS *than man!* I know *I* have need of forgiveness for my sins every day of my life; yes," with earnest rapidity he added, "every hour! every minute!"

During my future intercourse with him, which was mostly in company,—for after his arrival became known, he was literally overwhelmed with visitors,—the conversation naturally became of a more general character: but on these occasions much interesting information was given by him respecting India, and many valuable sentiments, in his striking aphoristic manner, were expressed by him, well worthy, could my memory have recalled them, of being recorded.

Aware, I apprehend, that his republican sentiments would not find very general acceptance,—he spoke cautiously, in mixed society, on political subjects. With regard to the public

measures of India, however, he was free to converse; though, generally, with marked forbearance, and hesitation in censuring the Government. Some of his observations were really valuable, as shewing the evil results of temporising and unchristian compliances on the part of the authorities in India. As to their cruel kindness, in so long permitting Suttees—he spoke with unqualified disapprobation. "Ten years ago," he observed, "I proposed to the Government the abolition of the Suttee. They were afraid of encountering the prejudices of the people. They said—'if they were to interfere it would excite peril or insurrection.' I offered to pledge my life that no harm would ensue. They thanked me for my benevolent intentions; but declined yielding to my request. But now," continued Rammohun Roy, "Lord William Bentinck has accomplished it at once. *It was done by the stroke of a pen!* And what was the result? Was it insurrection? No; thanks! thanks!" He concluded his animated remarks with a striking observation respecting the want of moral firmness and boldness in Governments, when, from timid apprehensions, they sacrificed their better principles, saying,—"How superior is *moral* courage to physical courage!"

On another particular, respecting the Government of India, his opinion was very strikingly given,—eliciting a most important, though un-

happily, too much disputed, truth. We were speaking of the morbid tenderness manifested by the Government, in interfering with the religious prejudices of the Hindoos, so as, from consideration for these prejudices, to exclude Christian instruction from the public seminaries of education provided for the natives. As to Colleges, for the Hindoo youth, in which all religion was, on this delusive principle, systematically excluded, Rammohun Roy made the unqualified declaration—that "education without Religion, *is an evil!*" "And what has been the consequence," said he, "in our Hindoo Colleges? That almost all the young Brahmins, educated there, have become Deists! Religion," he added, "is *unnecessarily* excluded. The Brahmins do not object, (so as to refuse all advantage from your institutions,) to the teaching even of the Christian religion. They will attend your Colleges, even if religion be combined with instruction. Witness the case of Mr. Duff's school: he teaches religion, as well as other knowledge, and he has [I think he said] three hundred scholars, most of them Hindoos!"

In another conversation he spoke of *caste*, in a manner very different from what is generally understood among us, as to the *nature* of the opposition it presents to the introduction of Christianity. He said 'it was not a religious distinction, for any Brahmin might become a

Christian, and yet retain his caste.' "One only rite," he observed, "will be beyond the limitation of his preserving caste: he cannot unite with you in the Sacrament. But that is not from religious scruples; but from the express prohibition of the rules of his caste—'that he must not eat or drink with others.' If converted Brahmins had an ordained minister of their own caste, then they would take the Sacrament from him."

During his stay in Liverpool, the Unitarians there, as elsewhere, seemed anxious to claim the interesting stranger as one of themselves. But whatever might be the peculiar points of accordance—which I had not the opportunity of ascertaining—he certainly expressed in my hearing some important scriptural sentiments very much *above* the general standard of Socinianism. In his views, for instance, of the condition, as to sinfulness, of human nature; of the necessity of scriptural knowledge being combined with ordinary instruction, for a really useful education; and of the plenary inspiration of the sacred Scriptures,—Rammohun, seemed to me, to go much beyond the ordinary Unitarian grade in orthodoxy. As to the authority and claims of Scripture on our acceptance and faith—with the exception, of course, of decided errors in translation, and demonstrable interpolations or mistakes

in copying—he made the striking remark,—"We must receive the Scriptures *as a whole:* if we question a single verse, we may question the whole: if we deny a single passage, we must doubt the whole, because we cannot tell where to stop!"

Those who are acquainted with the Unitarian doctrines of our own country may perceive, that, were this sentiment thus held and carried out among the advocates of that soul-ruining system, it would produce a salutary check to their bold and reckless treatment of the Word of God, whereby the clearly taught doctrines of the depravity and condemnation of man, and of the atonement and divinity of Christ, are systematically attempted to be obliterated, or explained away, as if these solemn verities of our holy faith were mere figures of speech!

The literary attainments of Rammohun Roy, as is well known, were of a very superior order. Besides his acquaintance, of course, with the principal languages of India, 'he was master both of the Sanscrit and Arabic—was a good Persian scholar—and had no mean knowledge of Hebrew, Greek, and English.' Speaking of the translation of the New Testament Scriptures into the languages of India, he remarked,—'that on account of the total difference in idiom and nature of the Greek and the Oriental languages,

the difficulties in the way of a satisfactory translation, become exceedingly great and perplexing. There being few perfect synonymes in these incognate languages—the faithful translator is often painfully embarrassed. He himself,' he said, 'had spent three or four hours a-day, for eighteen months, in the translation of the Gospel by St. Matthew, availing himself of all the helps he could obtain from translations, as well as from the talents and experience of a Missionary residing near him; and yet, after all, he was very far from being satisfied with the work he then accomplished.'

Of the extent and accuracy of Rammohun's attainments in language, one might very well presume from his knowledge of the English, which was not only correct and elegant, but strikingly idiomatic. I never observed him employ words which are in a particular sense only synonymous, in any way contrary to the usually received parallelism; and when in conversation he was observed to hesitate for a word, he generally succeeded, not only in finding a correct expression, but one of the most elegant and expressive words of our language. As to correctness of idiom, his expressions were often calculated to excite surprise,—in hearing from the lips of one so conspicuously a foreigner, phrases which indicated the familiarity of a mother's tongue. An

example of this, which I find in my notes of conversations with him, I may here transcribe :—

Speaking of the capability of the Brahmins becoming Christians without the necessary sacrifice of caste, he justified the providing for the one difficulty, already referred to, in the case of the Lord's Supper, by the administration of the Ordinance from the hands of an ordained minister from among themselves. Some of the company, however, who had been invited to meet him at a breakfast, where this conversation occurred, strongly deprecated such a designed arrangement, conceiving it to involve a compromise of what they held to be a Christian principle—'the not admitting of distinctions in religion.' "Why," said he—with a lively and animated energy of manner—"I see distinctions, more than I approve of, every where. I have been in the Cathedral at Calcutta, and are there not distinctions there? There is the governor-general and his lady in their golden box: then there are his chief officers and secretaries, so to speak, in their silver box; and there are the poor people who have their place without any accommodation! But if the poor man were to get up into the golden box, would he be welcome to make himself equal? Why," added the now animated speaker—in true, however homely, idiomatic English—"he would get his head broke!"

My notes respecting this remarkable Hindoo are yet far from being exhausted; but having already made so long a digression, I feel it is time to return to the subject matter of the present Memorial.

In conclusion, however, of these references to the Mariners' Church, it may not be inaccordant to mention, that whilst the great body of the persons who came under my ministry there, was, from the nature of their occupation, perpetually changing, there was a goodly number of residents —consisting of old seamen, riggers, persons connected with the docks, and others, and, of pious women, not a few—who were regular and attached members of the congregation. With these, and many circumstances of interest connected with them, the dear boy, Frederick, is peculiarly associated in memory, he, not unfrequently, being my companion in my progress from house to house among the individuals referred to; and, being almost always present, as I have mentioned, at the Lectures in the Seamen's Resort, where these persons likewise formed the stated audience, he not only became well known to them all, but obtained a prominent place in the affectionate regards of many of them personally.

Having, in the spring of the year 1829, changed our residence in Liverpool for a situation more

airy than that which we had previously occupied, —we found the school which Frederick had hitherto attended inconveniently distant. Eventually it was deemed expedient to remove him to another seminary nearer our new habitation. The school fixed upon was conducted professedly on religious principles, and was under occasional visitation of the Rev. C. L. S——, at that time the Minister of the parish of Edge Hill.

In the affections of this valuable and laborious minister, and of different members of his interesting family—dear friends of my own—Frederick, as he was wont to do with such persons, when brought favourably into contact, made a rapid and ample progress. His frank and open behaviour, indeed,—his intelligent and really interesting conversation on subjects of highest moment —with his tractable and affectionate manner— were characteristics well calculated to gain him attached friends, and these among the class of persons of all others the most desirable.

Mr. S——, among his variety of measures of ministerial usefulness, was in the practice—during a portion of our period of residence in this neighbourhood—of receiving at stated times at his own house a party of young persons, children of the upper classes, with a view to catechetical conversations and religious instruction. To this interesting party Frederick was introduced, and soon

became an important member of it. His clear apprehension of the subjects under consideration—his ready and appropriate answers to the questions proposed—his unostentatious, and apparently unconscious, furtherance of the edification of the party—rendered him a very great acquisition on these occasions. In this view, at least, Mr. S—— was always wont to speak of him: and no appearance of spiritual pride or self-confidence ever gave occasion, that I am aware of, of his being discouraged in speaking, much less of his being reproved for forwardness.

The incidents and anecdotes related by Mr. S——, on these occasions, had their usual attraction with him; but, unlike many, who observe only the incident, he always seemed watchfully alive to the *special lesson* designed in its moral or spiritual application. An instance of this marked attention to the improvement of the story appears in one of his letters to Miss H——, dated Liverpool, December 5th, 1830, in which he gave his kind friend a description of these juvenile readings and exercises. "The last time I went," for this exercise, he says, "Mr. S—— told me, when I was at tea, an interesting anecdote of a person that he went to see at the Infirmary. She told him, 'that one day as she was dressing, she felt a great pain across her first finger: she then left off dressing, and looked to see what it was, [and] saw

a little black spot about the size of a pin's head. This little spot grew larger and larger every day, and went all the way up the finger, and made it quite black. It then went on to the next finger, and continued [extending] till it spread all over the hand, and all the way up the arm as far as the elbow. The bone of the arm rotted, and it was obliged to be cut off.' Mr. S—— told me that since her arm was cut off she" had become "quite a different woman; for, before that, she was a very wicked person; and he said her case proved that passage of Scripture which says,—'it is better to go into life maimed, than having two hands or two feet to be cast into hell fire.'"

It is a striking and general effect of the influence of divine grace on the heart, that the recipients of that grace become interested in the progress of the kingdom of Christ among mankind. This evidence of a gracious spirit was, on various occasions, observed in the conversation and conduct of Frederick. He took much interest, as I have already noticed, in the meetings of religious societies, and seemed to enter, feelingly, into their objects. In reference to Bible-Society operations, his observations on one of the miracles of our Lord, respecting which I have preserved a memorandum, bear a pleasing application. He had been reading the account of the feeding of

the multitude by the miraculous amplification, by our Lord, of the seven loaves and a few little fishes—when turning to me, with an animated countenance, he said—"Papa! may not the miracle of the seven loaves be spiritualized?" Whilst I attended to his observations, perceiving that some application of the subject had occurred to him, he continued;—"might we not understand the seven loaves as seven *Bibles?*—for the bible is the *bread of life,*—and these being let about to different persons might give spiritual food to a great multitude!"

About a month after this observation, he began on an incidental occasion when we were alone, to speak of his own accord, which he was wont to do, about the salvation of the soul. He said 'that although he was not converted himself, he felt a great desire that everybody should be saved: and that it gave him very *great pleasure* whenever he heard of any one's conversion.' I encouraged him to consider the experience of these feelings as a goodly token of a hopeful state of mind with ourselves, and likewise of a condition likely to be blessed: it was a good thing, I intimated, 'when we felt a desire for the spiritual welfare of others, and for the furtherance of the Church of Christ, there being a promise of prosperity to them that love Zion.'

The next morning he came to me with a grave

but interesting and intelligent, expression of countenance, saying,—"Papa! I'm afraid I have done wrong." "In what? my dear," said I. "Because," he answered, "I prayed this morning in my prayers that *everybody* might be converted unto God; and you know," he added, "Christ says that only *a few* find eternal life; and I was afraid I had done wrong in praying contrary to Christ's words"!—It was pleasant to unravel to him the little delicate difficulty in which he had got embarrassed, by telling him, 'that Christ spoke, in the expression he referred to, of what, by his infinite penetration, he knew and foresaw concerning the final condition of the existing world; but that what he then knew to be, or foresaw would ultimately be, the condition of the great bulk of mankind, was not that which He himself desired; for the will of God is—that all men, everywhere, should come to repentance'!

Whilst these incidents show the concern he felt for the extension of the Redeemer's kingdom, the latter incident likewise marks an important practice of his life of making all matters of interest or anxiety with him, as well as of duty, subjects of prayer. Of this a pleasing example occurred on an occasion, about this period, when I had felt myself called upon to reprove his brother, for some fault, very sharply in his presence. Frederick, who seemed to have been grieved, left the

room. A little while afterwards, on my going accidentally into my dressing-room, I found him on his knees in prayer—the special object of his supplications having reference, I believe, to the circumstance which had just occurred.*

'The fear of the Lord,' which is declared to be 'the beginning of wisdom'—had a very powerful and prevalent influence on the mind of Frederick. 'He was often afraid of God,' he used to tell me, 'when he remembered *how much* he had sinned; for he knew,' as he was free to avow, 'that he only deserved hell, because of all his sins; and he was afraid of dying before he was converted, lest he should be lost'! The existence of this fear, moreover, used to distress him; for his apprehension was 'that, because he was afraid of *hell*, his faith was not right. He ought,' he said, 'to wish to be good, and holy, and like Christ'! He then anxiously asked me 'whether I thought that God would accept him if he was *chiefly* afraid of punishment'?

My answer to these enquiries and remarks, I presume would be, 'that, whereas it is a condition unworthy the believer, to remain in a state of harassing fear, instead of aspiring by faith to the privileges and consolations of the Gospel;

* Of this incident, of which I have been reminded by my wife, I have no record; I have related it according to her recollection of the pleasing circumstance.

yet, at the same time, such a fear is rather to be cherished than resisted, till we can grasp a better principle; for so long as it inclines us to watchfulness over our lives and temper, our conduct and hearts, its influence must be salutary, and by God's grace, may lead to better things: but meanwhile, it should not be slightly repelled, as *love* is the only principle which can safely replace it, the method of the Gospel being this,—that the induction of love should cast out fear.'

On another occasion, Frederick speaking, unsolicited, of his hopes and fears as to future happiness, with much earnestness of feeling, said,—"There is nothing I [would] care for in the world, if only I were fit for heaven. I should not mind to live, if I thought I was converted, and God would accept me. Sometimes when I think of heaven, I so long to go there, that I feel as I do when I am just going to Corkbegg"! And, dear child, such was the interest which he took in his visits to Ireland, that I have even now pictured before my mind the earnest apprehension he, on one occasion, evinced whilst he proceeded to the steam-packet, lest we should be too late—his running in advance, and his intense expression of anxiety when he thought that the steam-boat was going without us—manifesting an earnestness of feeling, and subsequent delight on safely embarking, well calculated, in his unsophisticated mind, to

be used as a parallel with regard to his desires for the blessings of the Paradise above.

But whilst his desires for future happiness were such, and the joy of hope was sometimes so animated, his fears, as I have said, were predominant; and these had respect to one uniform object. The chief ground of his fear of death was, 'lest he should be cut off before his conversion,'—the anxiety respecting which often greatly harassed him. 'He thought,' he said, 'he should not live long, as he appeared inclined to consumption; but he desired nothing,' as already observed, 'but to be religious and fit for heaven.'

This anxiety of mind respecting his eternal felicity—so indicative at once of a gracious spirit, and of a spirit of bondage—is strikingly evinced in one of his letters to Miss H—, dated "Liverpool, December 28th, 1831," the substance of which I here introduce:—"Last Christmas morning I said to papa that I wished I was converted, because that I could not enjoy Christmas so well as one who was; and papa told me that I could enjoy it in *one way*,—because, if I was willing and desirous of going to Christ, then I might take encouragement from what the Bible says, that 'he who is willing may go and take of the water of life freely.' And then, when I went to church, papa said in his

sermon that those who were desirous and willing to go to Christ, were the very persons whom Christ came to save. At first I was a little comforted; but afterwards I began to think, whether I ought to take comfort or not; because I thought that, if I was really desirous and willing to go to Christ, I should show it in my conduct, and I should like prayer more, and that I should like the Bible better, and read it more, and I should love my brother more, and that I should be less passionate, or rather strive to keep from it altogether. Another thing is,—that whenever I go to any religious meeting, such as the one I go to at Mr. S——'s, and 'the Seamen's Resort,' or [at] Church, I mostly have a fear on me at the time, but the next day it always wears off like the morning cloud. Papa says, 'that is the fear of God which is the beginning of wisdom:' now I think, if it really was, it would cause me to alter my conduct every way. Would you please to tell me what you think about it? I remember one day, when you were at Corkbegg, I asked you the reason, why I did not feel the same *fear* in the morning when I got up, as I did the night before when I was at Mr. S——'s, though I thought of the subject we had at Mr. S——'s? And you said, 'it was because I tried to feed on the grace I had the night before, instead of praying for more grace.' I did as you said; I

prayed for more grace; and yet I never felt any of that fear come upon me. I hope I have not asked you too hard a question? Do you think I might take encouragement from this,—that I sometimes think of the pains and suffering all the people who have died in their sins must feel when they are in hell for ever and ever? When I think of that, it makes me feel horrified at the [idea] that I should be [the] means, as it were, of letting more die in their sins, and I feel as if I could do anything that was in my power to hinder them from dying in their sins."

It will be observable, by the attentive reader of the preceding pages, that Frederick was in the habit of speaking far more largely and frequently on the subject of *conversion*, than on that of *faith*. The reason to me is obvious. He had been always taught to consider—a doctrine, as may be seen, which he received among his earliest spiritual perceptions—that whilst faith is the one and essential *justifying* principle, conversion is the required result and appointed evidence of a saving faith; for without this, the faith, however clearly it might have seemed to exist, is, as tested by its unprofitableness, proved to be dead. And, therefore, he was constantly looking for this evidence, that 'he might assure his heart before God.'

The foregoing records exhaust my memoranda of the observations and sayings of the dear boy whilst resident in Liverpool. After the last-named incidents, however, we remained resident there for about a year; but memory ill supplies the neglect of notes made at the time. The substance of one of his reflections—on the probable designs of Providence in maritime calamities—I will attempt to record, because there was so much real wisdom in the thoughts, that the leading particulars could not be easily forgotten.

The subject of his observations was started by himself, during a ramble, which he took with me, among the shipping in the George's Dock. His train of thought he described as being to this effect. 'He had been thinking,' he said, 'of the reason, why God permitted the loss of so many lives by wrecks among the shipping? As to the *good men*, among the sailors who prematurely perished, he thought he understood it;—he supposed that God foresaw that it was best to take them away then, to save them from temptation and evil, and as they were sure of happiness it must be well for them; but as to the *wicked men*,' he continued—'what can be the purpose of God with them?' He then hesitated, as if in pursuit of a train of thought, to which, being myself desirous of hearing the issue, he was permitted without interruption to give utterance as he

seemed to have his views cleared. At length, with an occasional break in his progress, he observed to this effect:—'I think I understand it: is it not this, papa? Perhaps God foresees that if He were to let these wicked men live, they would not repent, but grow more wicked, and so there would be no benefit *to them* to spare them; and, perhaps, He knows, that if they were let go on, they would hinder the progress of their companions who were wishful to follow Christ?'

Though further particulars of conversations with, or sentiments expressed by, the subject of this Memorial, do not, as belonging to this period of his life, occur to me,—yet some of the localities of our habitation—more especially the Botanic Garden and the Railway—afford a variety of additional recollections, though not of a nature sufficiently specific or important to be here recorded. In the heart of the writer, however, these interesting scenes, which the departed child was frequently in the habit of visiting with him, still retain the power, even at this considerable interval of time and distance, of calling up very vivid emotions.

The commencing "Station" of the "Liverpool and Manchester Railway," to which I had *generally* access by permission of the Directors whilst the work was in progress, was in the im-

mediate vicinity of our residence; and that interesting place, in which many things were grand or impressive, and almost everything was novel or curious, was capable of affording to Frederick, mere child as he then was, no small measure of enjoyment. Being present with me, I believe, whilst trying some new experiments on the permeability of solid substances by the magnetic influence, and also in an excursion or two along the railway at the time in which the operations thereon were considered as little less than marvellous, —his observant mind enabled him, in an interesting degree, both to appreciate the novelty, and to describe, with considerable originality of expression, what he witnessed. But at this distance of time, without any notes, or peculiar incident, to assist the memory, I cannot attempt to particularize what I here refer to.

Whilst speaking of the Railway, however, I shall be excused, I trust, another digression, with reference to the completion of that grand undertaking,—both in the enjoyments and melancholy of which I was myself a participator.

The first trial of the railway, by the transit *throughout* of a train of carriages drawn by a locomotive engine, was made by the Directors in an experimental journey to Manchester and back, on the 14th of June, 1830. On that occasion it was my privilege to be an adventurer by this

hitherto imperfectly tested mode of communication. The journey—comprising a total distance of 58¼ miles—incomplete as the line of rail-road yet was, was accomplished in safety; and to the surprise and delight of many who had previously been doubtful of its efficiency, the whole distance was completed, by one engine drawing a gross weight of forty tons, at an average velocity of 16¼ miles per hour. On some parts of the road, then in a very incomplete state, the adventure assumed the character of much apparent hazard, —especially in traversing the great *viaduct*, in which the railway is carried, at an elevation, in the highest part, of 70 feet, over the Sankey Canal. As a part of the work here consisted of a mere temporary framing of wood, it was the intention, I believe, of the Directors to have crossed it on foot; but the more adventurous engineer, Mr. Stephenson, who conducted the train, confiding in his own well-exercised judgment as to the sufficiency of the platform, dashed, at the utmost speed of the engine, over the elevated roadway, and brought us, under an excitement of emotion approaching the sublime, safely across to the watering-place beyond!

But the grand event, with reference to which I am led more particularly to digress, was the public opening of the rail-road, on the 15th of September, of the same year.

This memorable circumstance was expected to prove—an expectation, which, but for the melancholy dispensation of Providence occurring thereon, would have been abundantly realised—one of the most striking and splendid exhibitions, belonging to a work undertaken by a company of private individuals, either of the present or of any preceding era. The preparations were of a nature and extent correspondent with the grandeur and magnitude of the work, the completion of which was now to be celebrated. And so admirably perfect were all the arrangements, that not only did the numerous individuals intended to join in the procession embark without confusion or difficulty, in their respective places; but, from beginning to end, every contingency or difficulty which ingenuity could imagine, was found to be equally anticipated and provided for. The whole procession being marshalled on the plan that had been arranged, with the *state* carriages, in part occupied by some of the most distinguished individuals in the land, in advance, set out, amid admiring and applauding myriads of spectators, on its adventurous course. And with a speed, as of the swift-winged arrow, train after train, to the amount of eight in number, including above 700 passengers, flew along the admirably constructed rails. Drawn by a very powerful engine, the cars of the Nobles and Directors first

reached the watering-station, near the mark of 16½ miles; where this gorgeous train, travelling on a railway by itself, awaited the arrival of the rest of the procession, on the contiguous parallel line. And whilst the leading train thus stopped, two of the other engines, with their respective trains of carriages, passed it closely and swiftly, yet safely, by. Ardent and animated were the feelings of the multitudes embarked on this adventure; whilst, to this point of their progress, the excitement kept rising, and the enjoyment increasing, up to a most extraordinary pitch. But it was not an objectionable or idle enjoyment. It was a pleasure arising from the exhibition of that which was at once grand in conception, admirable in execution, astonishing in capabilities, and incalculable in respect to usefulness. The most chastened mind, therefore, might indulge in the elevated enjoyment, and might freely entertain the pleasurable feelings. But how transient and uncertain are the highest and most rational pleasures of this life! How true is the emphatic declaration of our Liturgy—"in the midst of life we are in death"! For whilst many were excited beyond measure, and whilst all seemed happy in their adventure, a mourning vail was preparing, permissively, under a mysterious Providence, which was soon to be cast over the joyous procession, to involve it in a deep, universal, and terrible gloom.

In the interval of time, afforded by the delay to the travellers in the leading train, several persons of distinction—among whom were Prince Esterhazy, Mr. Huskisson, and some others—descended from the carriages, and occupied themselves with kind and cheerful recognitions. On this occasion it was remarked that Mr. Huskisson and the Duke of Wellington—betwixt whom some misunderstanding had, for some time previous, existed—recognised mutually the friendly glance, approached as near as in their different situations they well might, and happily shook hands. In this state of the party, the *Rocket Engine* approached, (with a speed reduced from 25 to 15 miles an hour,) in the train of which I myself had a seat. At the sound of its horn the cry of danger was raised, and a considerable confusion, among the persons on the road, occurred. A rush was made towards the central carriage by such as belonged to it; the Prince Esterhazy and some others got in; and the cry to Mr. Huskisson was, "Come in! come in! take care"! Being previously unacquainted with the rail-way conveyance, and unconscious of the exact nature of the peril, Mr. Huskisson became agitated and confused. Rushing, however, towards the steps, he attempted to ascend; but at that very instant the approaching engine struck the door of the carriage, and threw him down, and in a moment he

was found on the ground, mangled and bleeding, at the very feet of his fainting wife and anxious friends! A simultaneous shriek of dismay had burst from the party in the carriage; but it was instantly succeeded by the death-like silence of horror. The engine of destruction being the train in which I had my seat—from which it was perceived that some accident had occurred—I jumped from my place, as soon as the velocity of the train was sufficiently reduced, and ran towards the scene of desolation. Meeting on my progress one of the Directors, with a pale and terror-stricken expression of countenance, running the opposite way, I asked, "What has happened"? Lifting his hands, as he still rushed forward, he cried—"Poor Huskisson"! In two or three minutes I was at the place of the catastrophe, from which every individual, among those on the ground, had fled in consternation to seek assistance. The unhappy sufferer lay motionless on his back on the ground—a livid, death-like paleness overspreading his countenance. His body had suffered no apparent injury; but the leg and thigh, on the left side, were frightfully mangled—the latter being laid bare, and the fractured bone being seen portruding considerably upwards, whilst a small pool of blood was forming on the ground. As the catastrophe was the work of a moment; this examination, as to the result,

was also the sight of the moment. Whilst communicating with some anxious friends in the Directors' carriage, the Duke of Wellington, who, ignorant of the extent of the mischief, was standing motionless in the front of his carriage, gave an enquiring sign to me. I advanced on the pole which connected the two carriages, and communicated the distressful intelligence. His countenance was solemn—and an expressive raising of the shoulders and head indicated a participation in the horror and sympathy universally prevalent. After a moment's pause,—"He was getting into the carriage," said he, "and the engine struck the door, and the door knocked him down:" his Grace saw no more.

Crowds of persons were now gathering around, and alternately dispersing;—the act of many being to look, and run off in dismay, whilst others stood over the sufferer with silent distressful feeling. One who travelled by my side threw a great-coat over the mangled limb. Almost every countenance, among the people around, was livid with anxiety: whilst each one enquired the extent of the injury. The case appeared desperate; a physician in the procession could only say,—"amputation will be necessary: there is hope"! A few minutes had elapsed before a decision could be come-to as to what was best to be done. It was, however, soon decided that the carriage of

the band, that preceded the train of the Directors, should be detached, and sent forward towards Manchester without delay. The mangled sufferer was passively lifted upon a door, which was unhung for the purpose. He had previously asked for Mrs. Huskisson, and said,—"This will be the end of me! God forgive me"! He now lay motionless and speechless—the fingers of one hand being slightly pressed against his forehead. He was taken to the carriage designed for him, and, the full capabilities of the "Northumbrian," —an engine of fourteen-horse power,—being put into action, he was carried off at a speed but little short of fifty miles an hour, and in a few moments was out of sight!—And now was one of the most splendid pageants ever witnessed, even in this age of wonders, suddenly converted into a grand solemnity, as of a funeral procession!

The determination of the special cause, or manner, of any great calamity, is always a matter of general interest; signally so, therefore, in a case like this, involving the life of one of the most distinguished statesmen of his age. From the abundant enquiries I was enabled to make on the spot, I became myself satisfied that the manner in which the calamity took place could be satisfactorily traced. The railway here, consisting of four equi-distant parallel ribs or rails, constituted two contiguous lines on the same road.

The carriages of the party with whom Mr. Huskisson was associated, and which were considerably wider than the other carriages, travelled on the northern line by themselves, and stopped, as we have seen, to renew the feeders and take in a fresh supply of fuel. Their position was a little short of the Park-field station, which was so selected in order that the distinguished individuals in the train might witness the rest of the procession, passing, almost at full speed, as if in review. The clear space between any pair of rails was about four feet ten inches; but as the carriages projected beyond the rails, the central space between the two lines was, ordinarily, not more than three feet,—whilst, from the greater width of the occasional carriages, built expressly for the opening, the space betwixt them and the other carriages, when passing, was only from eighteen inches to two feet in the clear. This, however, was sufficient for safety, if the injunction of the Directors had been duly observed,—'that all the passengers should remain within their own carriages.' Still the persons, who alighted near the station, might easily have escaped all danger, either by placing themselves in close contact with their own carriage, or by retreating into the space which, in this train, was designedly left between each of the carriages. In the former situation, Mr. Holmes, M.P. placed himself during

the passage of the 'Rocket' train, and escaped unhurt; in the latter, I myself found a safe retreat, though equally exposed as Mr. Huskisson had been, whilst two different trains of carriages were passing. But the unhappy Huskisson, not perceiving the facility of availing himself of either resource, attempted, too late, to regain his place within his proper carriage,—the door of which being open, and being wider than the clear space, was struck by the engine of the passing train, and threw him down. This effect, instantaneous as it was, was observed by a lady who sat by my side, who likewise noticed, that the body of the person that had fallen was clear of our wheels, though his head was inclined towards the passing train. But an instinctive movement of his person, observed by another individual, involved him in the calamitous result. Flinging himself over, to escape from the thundering machines, he seems to have gone on his face; but the retreat of his head and body threw his bent knees across the rail, (his whole person turning as on a pivot), so that the wheel or wheels of, probably, the very last carriage of the train, went over the leg and thigh, crushing the former so as nearly to sever it, and mangling the latter in the way already described. The injury was too severe for a man advanced in years, and of a debilitated delicate constitution, to bear. Nine

or ten hours of severe suffering wore out nature's strength, and the honoured and talented statesman ceased to exist!

Thus perished—prematurely perished—in the midst of enjoyment, and in the height of public favour, a man who, whilst, by his private excellence, he won general esteem, by his public character, gained for himself most extensive admiration. The greatest *commercial economist*, probably, of the age, he became the idol of the mercantile world; the man to whom multitudes looked up for national greatness, and commercial prosperity. When, however, in the midst of many honourables, Liverpool would have done the highest honours to him whom they had elected as their representative—a man whose soundness of mind, and integrity of principle, were relied upon for domestic prosperity,—he was suddenly and unexpectedly slain. Out of near five hundred thousand individuals congregated on that great occasion—he, who would have been perhaps the very *last* to have been given up voluntarily, was selected from among the vast assemblage—the others were left! The admonitory counsel of the Psalmist, seems here to have special application in regard to those who had made the lamented sufferer the idol of their dependence,—"Put not your trust in princes, nor in the son of man, in whom there is no help: his

breath goeth forth; he returneth to his earth; in that very day his thoughts perish."

In this awful dispensation, it might be truly said,—"A great man hath fallen!" but his fall, apparently so contingent, was in the hands and under the controul of Him, who is "too wise to err, too good to be unkind." The calamity was designed, doubtless, to read to the world some impressive and profitable lesson. Oh that our merchants, and great men might, from such a solemn dispensation, be taught spiritual understanding,—to learn not to trust, as the foundation of their dependence, in an arm of flesh, nor in the wisdom of man; but to trust in Him who ordains and controuls the powers that be; to seek blessings from Him whose blessing maketh rich —and to pursue after His favour by whom they are enabled to prosper!

During our residence in Liverpool—for the period of five years in which I held the Chaplaincy of the Mariners' Church—Frederick was generally with me at home. His health and strength, which had previously been so very feeble and critical, became considerably improved. He was subject, indeed, to occasional colds, and suffered, if not carefully tended, from indigestion; but at length he gained such a fair measure of health, as seldom to give us much anxiety. He

so improved in the strength and firmness of his limbs, as to be enabled to enjoy, among other modes of exercise, that of skating; and he became capable, without particular inconvenience, of walking considerable distances. Having also passed the ordeal, safely, of all the diseases incident to children, we began to have good hopes of his rising into manhood, and of his attaining to some approved condition of usefulness in life; but God saw it right and good, for him, to appoint otherwise;—when our hopes had risen the highest, God then had said 'that his days were numbered.'

In wisdom, the foregoing memorials sufficiently testify, that he advanced and grew: in mere learning, he made some progress, but not in like proportion: in stature, he made but slow advances, being very small and short, and child-like for his years.

Chapter V.

REMOVAL TO EXETER;—RELIGIOUS PROGRESS AND STATE OF FREDERICK'S MIND, AS ELICITED BY HIS LETTERS, ETC. TO THE TERMINATION OF HIS FIRST RESIDENCE FROM HOME.

The lov'd-ones we cherish, but cannot secure,
For this world too fondly we train;—
Oh, let us make second'ry the things which allure,
And seek for our offspring those *first* which endure,
'God's kingdom and righteousness,' which all things make sure
To work for eternity's gain!

Of this period of the dear boy's life—comprising an interval of nearly three years—I find few or no memoranda. Reflections, observations, or sayings, indeed, which were striking and remarkable in a child, were now, in the case of a youth who had attained to Frederick's years, less particular; and hence the records previously made were discontinued. As to the particulars of his intelligent reflections, or of interesting conversations with him,—memory, unfortunately, supplies but little; though, as to these general facts, the impression is sufficiently clear and decisive—that

his observations, as formerly, were often very striking, and his conversations, occasionally, truly interesting; and that his meditations on his own spiritual condition, and his strivings against prevalent and constitutional besetments, were both frequent and manifest. His *letters*, however, after he was sent from home—in the concluding year of his brief life—afford, as far as they go, an interesting supply of materials; though unhappily, one, if not more, of the most striking of these documents, was destroyed. From these which remain, we derive some important and pleasing indications of character, as well as of the order and condition of his mind,—indications which become the more really charasteristic from his being encouraged to write without reserve.

Previous, however, to the giving of these particulars, the Author feels that it may be useful, for the sake of connection in the narrative, to say a few words in respect to his own removal to Exeter, because of the necessary bearing of that circumstance on the subsequent history of the subject of this Memorial.

Not to enter into personal history, however, more than absolutely necessary—the writer may briefly state, that his resignation of his post of so much importance at Liverpool, was occasioned, simply, by the unremitting sufferings of his be-

loved and devoted wife, from the incongeniality of the atmosphere, or climate, whilst resident there. She had only been a few months in Liverpool, when her ordinary health altogether gave way, and was only recruited, under the Divine blessing, by a summer's residence in Ireland. On her return home, however, the same distressing result again took place, and subsequently also, after a second experiment, till it was felt to be no longer right to put the further trial of affection on so certainly painful an issue,—so that for the last year of the author's Chaplaincy of the Mariners' Church, she was altogether resident with her family in Ireland.

Meanwhile an opening unexpectedly appeared, in the dispensation of Providence, for changing the writer's sphere of labour to a more genial part of the country—where, at Exeter, he had the great comfort and satisfaction of obtaining a residence for his family, in which the object of his solicitude was privileged to realise a considerable measure of enjoyment of health, and of other abounding mercies of Heaven.

Our removal from Liverpool took place in the spring of 1832. My wife being still resident in Ireland, and my eldest son, at the same time, being at Trinity College, Dublin, and our old and faithful servant having preceded us for the

preparation of a house which had been engaged for us in Exeter, and for the reception of the contents of a little vessel freighted with furniture, library, &c.—Frederick and myself became the sole remnants of our family party, and fellow-travellers into Devonshire.

We left Liverpool, by coach, on the 24th of April. In pursuing this journey, it was, if I correctly remember, that the dear boy evinced towards myself a peculiarly affectionate interest, whilst, owing to previous fatigue, I occasionally fell into the unconsciousness of sleep as I sat on the coach. His hand, I found constantly holding my coat or grasping my arm, ready either to check the apparent tendency to fall, or to rouse me to consciousness; and when so aroused, I ever perceived his eyes intently fixed upon me, with an expression of countenance indicative of the most watchful anxiety, which changed into a smile of pleasure as soon as he had reason to believe that I was longer liable to the apprehended danger.

The day after leaving Liverpool, we had the happiness of joining my wife at Clifton, who, with a brother-in-law and family, had just arrived by a steamer from Cork. On the 27th we proceeded to Exeter, and shortly afterwards took possession of our appointed residence there.

For nearly two years after our arrival in Ex-

eter, Frederick was constantly with us at home, being, in the first instance, placed at a school in the vicinity of our residence, where he pursued the various objects pertaining to a professional education. During this period, therefore, he participated in our domestic blessings, accompanied us in our occasional visits to the sweet scenery of the proximate sea-coast, and was associated with us in all our religious exercises and privileges. So that in Exeter, as in Liverpool, each of these conditions or localities became the sources, to the mind and feeling of the writer, of interesting associations concerning the beloved boy. And among these, he is impressively reminded of many things, pleasing and pious, by the opening of, and subsequent religious services and exercises conducted in, Bedford Chapel,—the place of the author's regular ministrations.

Bedford Chapel, which was not completed when we arrived in Exeter, was consecrated on the 4th of August, 1832, and the day following, being Sunday, we all, as a family, had the privilege of uniting in the first regular service in this newly appointed Sanctuary. At that service—which to many of our friends, as well as ourselves, was one of deep and devotional interest—the following hymn*, composed for the occasion, was sung:—

* Imitated from 1 Kings, ch. viii.:—Tune, "Luther's Hymn."

GREAT GOD! who dwell'st in realms on high,
"On clouds of glory seated,"
Object of Worship, ever nigh,
The source of things created!
To thee we pray—we ask thy grace,
Hear thou in Heaven, thy dwelling place,
And answer and forgive us!

Behold this House which hath been rais'd,
And now to Thee devoted,
Here let thy holy name be prais'd,
Thy glory here promoted:
For this, we Sinners seek thy face,
Hear thou in Heaven, thy dwelling place,
And answer and forgive us!

When here our misery we mourn,
Corruptions vile lamenting;
Or anxious in affliction turn,
Or contrite and repenting;—
When feelings such thine eye shall trace,
Look down from Heaven, thy dwelling place,
And answer and forgive us!

When hung'ring here we seek for bread,
Or sick, we seek for healing;
When in the paths of woe we tread,
Or senseless, ask for feeling;
Presenting here our piteous case,
Hear thou in Heaven, thy dwelling place,
And answer and forgive us!

When here the Gospel sound is heard,
The word which thou hast spoken,
Thanksgivings feelingly preferr'd,
Or when the Bread is broken;—
For Jesus' sake, from Heaven look down,
And this thy house with blessings own,
Have mercy and forgive us!

In the interval betwixt our arrival in Exeter, and the commencement of Frederick's first residence from home, I find, from the almost entire discontinuance of my former plan of notes, but

little to record. One striking reflection of his, however, in reference to a passage of Scripture, in the history of Ahab, I well remember, which fairly indicates the correctness of his apprehension of spiritual subjects, and illustrates his practice of considering the meaning of Scripture with reference to the analogy of faith. Either the lesson for the day, or some other incidental circumstance, had brought under his consideration the last chapter of the First Book of Kings. His mind, on that occasion, had been peculiarly struck with the remarkable description there given by the prophet Micaiah, of a conference, as it may be described, in heaven, on the means of compassing the retributive destruction of the ungodly Ahab. Reflecting on this portion of Micaiah's description of his prophetic vision—that when the Lord had said, "Who shall persuade Ahab, that he may go up and fall at Ramoth-Gilead"? and there came up a spirit before the Lord and offered to betray him, by becoming "a lying spirit in the mouth of all his prophets"—Frederick communicated to me the result of his reflections to this effect:—that it appeared that wicked spirits had sometimes permission to go up into heaven, when God would employ them in his work of judgment, "for you know," said he, after putting the case before me, as in diffident enquiry—"that the spirit which went

up before God *must* have been a *wicked* one, because he said he would be a *lying* spirit; for a good spirit could not lie"!

Another particular, though a little out of place, I may here, not inappropriately, introduce in my narrative. It relates to his feeling of devotion, and habit of reflection on his spiritual condition, and anxiety for personal preparedness for the presence of God. The case referred to occurred at a time when the alarm respecting the cholera had become universally prevalent throughout this country. One morning he spoke to me of his feelings about this visitation of God, in as far as it involved his personal safety, and his prospects beyond the grave. 'He had received some comfort,' he said, 'in respect to his prevalent fears, from a passage of Scripture which had occurred to him. He had been thinking of the cholera, and his anxiety had been greatly excited lest he should be cut off *before he was converted.* He, therefore, prayed that the Lord would prepare him for death, if it pleased Him to take him away; and, in prayer, he pleaded this declaration, —that, "the Lord desireth not the death of a sinner, but rather that he should turn from his wickedness, and live." 'The thought and the prayer,' he observed, 'comforted him: for if the Lord did not desire the death of a sinner, he hoped He would keep him till fit to die'!

His occupations as a school-boy, of course interfered with that almost entire direction of his mind to religious subjects, which had been so prevalent in earlier life; but, still, the bent of his mind continued devotional; and religious principle—however blemished by the power of natural temper—was observably in exercise; whilst his love for the "Courts of the Lord," for religious assemblages, for pious conversation, and for the word of God, was frequently and satisfactorily elicited. Having a defective verbal memory, he experienced much difficulty in learning his lessons; and ofttimes when, after many attempts to overcome the perplexities of his subject, he found his labour fruitless—he was unhappily overcome by the impatience of his temper. His temper was his trial; but though his spiritual enemy thus triumphed over him, yet his strivings against his infirmity were neither small nor few, nor altogether unblessed.

Twice in the summer of 1833, Frederick accompanied us to the coast, where, for some weeks together, we all had occasional residence. In one of these residences he was wont to accompany the ladies of the family, of his own accord, to a week-day devotional service; and he has been known to leave some companions of his own age, in the midst of their recreations and play, though remonstrated with, and probably jeered by them,

in order to participate with his mamma, in these devotions. On one occasion, when he happened to sit in front of the pulpit, his appearance (doubtless) of earnest attention and uncommon earnestness, so attracted the observation of the officiating minister, that, in retiring down the aisle, at the conclusion of the service, he stopped at the pew where Frederick was seated, to enquire who he was!

Frederick, as may have been observed, had hitherto been pursuing his education, with varying measures of advantage, in local schools, whilst resident with his family; but different considerations led us to deem it desirable that he should be otherwise placed, and sent from home. For this object, an arrangement was made, in the beginning of the year 1834, most satisfactorily to ourselves, of placing him with the Rev. J. R——, the estimable minister of Culmstock. Mr. R——, at this period, received a very small number of pupils—only two or three—of which Frederick, on the 27th of January, of that year, became one.

His residence from home yielded to us a new source of information as to his character, abilities, and state of mind, in the correspondence already referred to, to which it necessarily gave rise. And in this correspondence—encouraged by my wife, and, because of my numerous occupations,

conducted principally by her—will, I think, be found, some of the most important and interesting materials of the present volume.

His first communication was a note addressed to his "Mamma," giving an account of his arrival at Culmstock, and of his exercises there. 'Mr. R——,' he observed, 'has three lectures every week in two different houses of his parish [besides the services in the Church], and another every Sunday evening to the Sunday School children.' 'At family prayers, in the evenings, we have reading from the New Testament; [when] each person in the room, and the servants, have their Bibles, and read a verse in turn to the end of the chapter.'

His Mamma having written to him, after the receipt of this note, encouraging him to perseverance in his labours and devotions, and to write to us freely all that was in his heart,—he addressed a letter to her, under date of 19th February, 1834, from which the following particulars are selected.

"Dear Mamma,

"I received the parcel you sent me, to-day, for which I am much obliged. I will now fulfil your request. Ever since I was here, I have always prayed for the Holy Spirit, to enable me to be diligent in my business, fervent in my spirit, serving the Lord—remembering how much

expence I am putting my dear papa to—and also to enable me to resist my besetting sin, which you know is anger or passion, and which almost always comes on whenever I come to a difficult part in my lesson." And "I am sorry to say that my angry feeling gets the better of me; and the consequence has been that my lesson has not been said as well as it ought; but afterwards I have felt so unhappy, that I have not known what to do; and I therefore take this opportunity of asking your advice."

The openness and frankness of his mind is strikingly elicited in the passage which next follows:—

"I know that you are very desirous that I should love you; I will now confess my feelings, which change very much. Sometimes I feel myself to be the most ungrateful creature on earth towards you; at other times, I am sorry to say, I feel as if I did not care for you; but I hope I shall not have any more of these ungrateful feelings."

With this passage, must be taken into consideration, his exceeding truthfulness, and his fear of stating any thing which he did not actually feel. He would not have ventured to express a feeling of affection, unless that feeling was not merely existing, but active, perceptible, and impulsive.

In the same letter he continues:—"I always

read my Bible, morning and evening, on my knees, which I thought was a more reverent way, by myself,—one chapter out of the Old Testament in the morning, and one out of the New in the evening.*

"With many thanks for the trouble you took with me when I was in Exeter, and also for writing the note, I remain,

"Dear Mamma,

"Your's affectionately,

"FREDERICK SCORESBY."

His subsequent letters, during an interval of some months, I fear have been destroyed. In one of these he confessed to me, with an expression of deep sorrow and regret, his having been betrayed, from the fear of giving offence, into a deviation from a certain rule of conduct, which I had requested him to observe; and though the deviation concerned a matter, not in itself wrong, and though it occurred under circumstances of peculiar and uncontemplated difficulty,—yet for these considerations he made no excuse,—the source of his regret being 'that he should have done anything when away from me which he knew I disapproved.'

* A young gentleman, at this time under Mr. R——'s care, mentioned to a young friend of the author—that Frederick was often observed to retire to his room and lock himself in—that no person who went to his door at such time was admitted—and that it was supposed that he was engaged in prayer.

In another letter, which appears to have shared the same fate, he related a conversation he had had with Sir Edward D—— on the doctrine of *saving faith*. The views conveyed to him in that conversation had evidently made a strong impression on his mind; and his relation of the reasoning, and the principle on which it was founded, indicated a really spiritual perception of the distinctions designed to be conveyed.

In the month of April, accompanied by my wife, I paid him a brief visit at Culmstock, where we spent a few hours and returned in the evening. In the interval, I walked out with him alone, and had an interesting, endearing conversation with him, whilst he clung about me in the ardency of his affection, and listened with filial reverence and pleasure to whatever advice I offered, or injunctions I laid upon him.

The thorough surrender of the dear boy's mind to parental authority was in this instance, as indeed in almost all cases, extremely beautiful and instructive. O that it might please the Lord to bless this record of so lovely an example of filial reverence and obedience, to the producing of a profitable impression on the minds of the youthful readers—so that they may study, and pray for, the excellent grace here exemplified, and may thus "adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour in all things."

The next letter which I find is also addressed to his "Dear Mamma," being received on his return to Culmstock after the summer vacation. It was forwarded to Teignmouth, where we were then sojourning, and describes in the outset a commission, with regard to an interesting invalid, which he was desired to attend to on his way through Exeter. The following are extracts:—

"*Culmstock*, 1*st Sept.*, 1834.

"Dear Mamma,

"I received your letter, for which I am much obliged, on the same day that I sent mine by Mr. R——, who went to Exeter to meet Mrs. R——, who is much better. I hope that you have been quite well since I left, and that you find the sea-air conducive to your health; for I do not forget to pray that it may be so to you.

"The first thing I did, as soon as I got to Exeter, was to carry your present to Mrs. B——, whom I saw myself; lying on a sofa, with a pair of coloured spectacles on. I repeated to her your words, as also the message about letting you know by Papa how she was. I found she had lost her voice; for she [communicated with me by] the servant, who put her ear close to her face, and was told by her mistress what to say to me."

"When I was in Exeter, I got sixpennyworth of little halfpenny books, at the Tract Depository

I have since read them, and some of them seem very nice ones. I gave one of them to one of my boys the Sunday afternoon before last. My plan is to give one away every four Sundays. But still your *tracts* will be very acceptable, as I shall not probably return to Exeter till next Midsummer, as we have no holidays at Christmas."

I may explain, with reference to this part of his letter, that he had become a teacher in a Sunday School at Culmstock. But as the children were not so attentive to him as he could wish, he thought of the plan of giving them little books as rewards for attention, by which he hoped he might gain his object with them.

After mentioning some books which he wanted, he adds:—"Will you please to give my love to William, and tell him that I am sorry I did not see him to bid him good bye;—that I did go on the Den to look for him, and I saw him at a distance on the strand with Mrs. H——; but I was afraid that I should not have time to run to him, as the coach was going in a few minutes."

In a postscript to this letter he says:—"Please to tell Papa that I don't forget to pray for him, for a blessing upon the labours of his hands."

His next letter, dated Culmstock, 22nd September, is also to his Mamma, and describes, after the first sentence, the difficulty and anxiety he encountered in surmounting his lessons. It

referred to a case where his deficiency, as to verbal memory, was painfully felt. He had to learn some Virgil by heart, and found it so difficult, that he observes—"my night's rest was quite disturbed by it." "I was constantly awaking in the middle of the night and thinking of it." "If I be playing or amusing myself, [and] happen to think of my lessons, it generally damps me. I have often been thinking of writing to you about this, to ask you what I must do; because I know it is my duty to be diligent, and I cannot pass through College without it."

The next portion of his letter, describing a little excursion which he took to view 'Wellington's Pillar,' indicates a considerable facility and cleverness of description.

"I went about three weeks ago," he observes, "to see Wellington's Pillar; and I think I [have not] enjoyed myself so much for some time." "Mr. R—— asked Mr. S——," a senior fellow-pupil, "if he would like to go [on this excursion], and told him to take us [Frederick and another youth] with him. It was quite a pic-nic party, for we took some sandwiches in our pockets. We had first a long walk round in search of the house where the keys were kept. After a long search we at last found the house, though we had to enquire at two places first. We rested ourselves at the house, which was an Inn, looking exactly

like a Castle outside. When we arrived at the monument, we found two women waiting there, who told us that there was a party coming in a cart. In the mean time we went in, and began our ascent. It was tremendously dark, though in the middle of the day, for there was not the least particle of light except [what was admitted] at the door and at the top, and the light from these places did not extend any distance. After we had been going round and round for some time, at last the joyful sound of 'Light, Light!' was heard, and soon after, we below, who had not gone so fast, saw it too.

"After we had eaten, we began to look about us [from the top of the monument] and descried, at a short distance, the party coming. In a short time the party arrived, and began to ascend; and it was quite laughable to hear the remarks of the different persons as they were coming up,—for we could hear them as plainly up at the top, as if we were close by them. 'O what a dreadful place!' cries one; 'I shall never get up to the top!' says another, &c., which was also intermixed with much laughing at them; and at last they arrived. The first who appeared, was the little Doctor of ——; who is a little man, with a short neck; and [afterwards] four other persons. To our great surprise we found that it was the little Doctor who had been making all the com-

plaints; for the first thing he said, when he arrived at the top, was,—'I was never in such a dreadful place in all my life; I won't be the first to go down.'

"We soon after went down and left them there, and went to the Inn, and took a little rest, and I got some water. [We then] began our walk back again, through furze, and over hedges and ditches.—I think that you will be quite tired of reading all this rigmarole account," "and will say—It is a long letter, with nothing in it! I do not remember having written so long a letter for some time.

"Please to give my best love to Papa and William, and tell them I do not forget them; [but] intend to write them when an opportunity occurs of any person or parcel going to Exeter." —"I will now conclude," &c.

Previous to the receipt of this letter—I believe it was Frederick's last from Culmstock—Mr. R—— had given us the painful intimation, that, in consequence of the very critical state of his wife's health, and the recommendation of their medical advisers that she should spend the winter [as she had spent some months previously] at the sea side,—he found it necessary to break up, for a time, his establishment at Culmstock, and to relinquish the charge of my son. This intelligence gave all who were interested in the welfare

of the dear boy great anxiety, and urged the frequent expression of vain regret. We grieved extremely at his removal from the care of one in whom we had so much confidence; but little imagined, alas! that, in the inscrutable ways of Heaven, this determination, humanly speaking, involved, as a beginning link in a chain of Providences, a momentous—a mortal issue!

In a few days afterwards, the dear boy returned to us. In consequence, however, of Mr. R——'s regretted announcement, we had previously been looking out for either a school, or a tutor, with whom to place him; so that brief time elapsed before he was introduced into the fatal position wherein he became inoculated with that malignant malady before which his strength was swiftly wasted, and his much-loved form made to wither as the mown grass!

Belonging to the brief interval of Frederick being at home, I find a letter to his much-regarded correspondent, Miss H——, as well as a pleasing remembrance of him in connection with certain catechetical exercises of the young persons of the congregation worshipping in Bedford Chapel.

His letter to Miss H——, (being the last our dear niece ever received from him,) was dated, Exeter, 11th October, 1834. In this, he de-

scribes, with some minuteness, the laborious zeal and diligence of the Rev. J. R——, his tutor, in his parish of C——; and also the occasion of his removal from his improving situation there. "Whilst I was there," he adds, "there was a great number of deaths, most of them children, some of whom died of the small-pox: and one-week there were no less than five children of the same family died of that disease, four of whom I saw carried to the grave, one after another,—a most melancholy sight! Whilst I am speaking of funerals, I may mention another which I and Papa saw in Exeter. It was a soldier's funeral. As we approached the church-yard we saw the poor fellow's horse, with his different accoutrements. We then went into the Church-yard, and saw, or rather heard, a very affecting thing. After the service was concluded, and the Clergyman had gone away, the order was given 'to load,' and then, afterwards, 'to fire.' They fired three vollies, as the custom is, and betwixt each volley, the trumpet blew a very solemn and affecting dead march."

It was, truly, a solemn and affecting ceremonial —a ceremonial most impressively calculated for associating with the professional engagements or exercises of the soldier, the grand solemnity of the day of resurrection, when "the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible,

and we shall be changed;" 'when the corruptible shall put on incorruption, and the mortal, immortality'!

Frederick's connection, for brief space, with the catechizing of the young persons in Bedford Chapel, may justify, perhaps, a more particular mention of these interesting exercises; more especially as the part which he took therein, though very limited, was yet such, as to prove the occasion of his memory being subsequently held in kindly remembrance by some of those who had noticed him, and to suggest the idea of perpetuating his memory by a testimonial, to which further reference will be called for, most interesting and grateful to the feelings of the author.

These Catechetical exercises—as many of my young readers will well remember—were originally undertaken with reference to an approaching Confirmation; but, having proved greatly instructive and interesting to many who then participated in them, it was felt important to continue them, at intervals, to the present time. The Church Catechism—a powerful compendium of Scriptural truth—constituted the basis of our earliest exercises; and, subsequently, the "Articles of religion" have afforded us most comprehensive materials, both for guiding us in our investigations concerning all the leading topics

of godliness found in Divine Revelation, and for establishing and confirming our assurance of the Scriptural foundation and principles of the Established Church.

Of these public exercises, the design of this memorial does not call for any very extended account. Yet, in the hope of encouraging or promoting such exercises—so consistent with the spirit and designs of our Apostolical Church, and so instructive and beneficial to our youth—the Author would take this opportunity of exemplifying their nature and practice by a single specimen in detail.

For this purpose, he selects a particular series of answers, elicited in an examination on an article in the Church Catechism, which, from their admirable adaptation, and from the compendious exhibition afforded by them of the Scripture doctrine of *justification*, made such an impression upon his memory, that, he believes he is enabled to describe them not merely substantially, as they were given, but almost with verbal accuracy.

The subject, on the occasion referred to, was a concluding portion of the Lord's Prayer. After the whole portion had been repeated by one of the Catechumens, we returned, as usual, to the consideration of the first sentence, comprising these words,—"forgive us our trespasses." This

led us to take up the great doctrine of Scriptural forgiveness, the catechising on which was conducted in the manner following* :—

Minister.—"Suppose, my dear young friends, you were calling at the house of an acquaintance, and you were shown into the drawing-room, where the lady of the house was sitting: suppose, whilst you were there, you observed a little girl running into the room, falling on her knees before her parent, and crying 'Mamma,

* It may be here useful, perhaps, to mention, with a view to the information of any who may feel interested in this subject, the general plan pursued in these exercises. The Catechumens—consisting, in this case, of a large number of youth, principally young ladies—are seated in the pews nearest the reading-desk, from whence they are addressed by the Minister. The subject for consideration having been announced at the close of a preceding examination, with the leading heads of enquiry, and, usually, a single Scriptural proof of the separate heads,—the Catechumens are then expected to fill up the details of the subject—to furnish additional corresponding evidences—to amplify and illustrate the doctrines or duties referred to—to shew the practical bearing and importance of the several truths—to shew the agreement of the Scriptures according to the analogy of faith, with a continual reference to "Jesus Christ and Him crucified,"—all these particulars, it being the aim of the Minister to endeavour to elicit by appropriate questions, but not leading questions, adapted for the occasion. The questions are always put generally, so that the young persons may not be made anxious under the apprehension of being individually called upon; and the answers are only required to be so given as to be heard by the Minister, who, in all cases, when they are appropriate, but in such cases only, repeats them audibly. By a careful pursuance of this plan, with a due regard for the feelings of the Catechumens, these very satisfactory results have been experienced;—that the most timid girls have not been made needlessly anxious about answering—no one has ever been put to shame for an erroneous answer—nor has the answering of any girl ever required to be checked for unseemly forwardness.

forgive me! Mamma, forgive me!'—what should you suppose had happened?"

Answer by several Girls.—"That she had done something wrong."

Minister.—"Suppose, again, that you had come into a church, or other place of worship—and you saw the whole assemblage of persons on their knees, and heard them together saying, 'Forgive us our trespasses,'—what should you think had occurred?"

General answer.—"That they had all done wrong."

Minister.—"Is this indeed so—that *all* persons have done wrong towards God? If so, give me Scriptural proof of the fact."

First answer.—"'All have sinned, and come short of the glory of God.'"

Second answer.—"'There is none righteous; no, not one.'"

Minister.—"Seeing, then, that the Scriptures attest the truth of *all* mankind, without exception, being sinners—pray show me, what the consequence is of this their universal sinfulness?"

First answer.—"'The soul that sinneth, it shall die.'"

Second answer.—"'*Cursed* is every one that continueth not in all things which are written in the book of the law to do them.'—Galatians iii. 10; quoted from Deuteronomy xxvii. 26."

Third answer.—"'God hath concluded all under sin'—'that every mouth may be stopped, and all the world may become *guilty* before God.'"

Minister.—"Because of transgression, then, we find that all mankind are under a sentence of death, and under the curse of a broken law,—that curse, as intimated in the texts you have quoted, referring, not merely to this *life*, but to the *soul*. Such, now, being the melancholy condition of the whole world,—what forbids that God should not by His sovereign clemency pardon all the transgressors? But suppose that God, by a mere *act of mercy*, were to forgive the sinner, and remit his just sentence,—what attributes or perfections of the Deity would be violated?"

First answer.—"His justice."

Second answer.—"His faithfulness."

Third answer.—"His truth."

Minister.—"How, then, hath God arranged for the pardon of sinners in a manner consistent with all His perfections?"

First answer.—"By our blessed Saviour, 'mercy and truth have met together; righteousness and peace have kissed each other.'"

Second answer.—"'God was in Christ Jesus, reconciling the world unto himself.'"

The subsequent answers, I cannot now particularise; though I well remember that the sub-

ject of "the forgiveness of sins," in its essential relation to the Scripture doctrine of salvation by grace, through faith in the blood of atonement, was very fully, and most satisfactorily brought out. For ample and consistent answers were given, as we proceeded in our exercise, to a consecutive series of questions such as these:—

"How do we know that God is willing to forgive sins?"

"Is there any *amount* of sin which cannot be forgiven?"

"Is there any *particular* sin excluded from forgiveness?"

"Describe the peculiar nature of the sin against the Holy Ghost."

"Does it appear that that sin can actually be committed in the present day?"

"If it appear probable that that very sin can scarcely now be committed,—what sin may be considered as approaching it?"

"What is the doctrine called, which relates to the method appointed of God for the forgiveness of sins?"

"Prove the doctrine of justification from Scripture."

"What is the medium of justification?"

"What are the effects of it?"

"What spirit and conduct does the petition before us commend and inculcate?"

"Can we judge by our conduct towards others, of our own condition with regard to forgiveness?"

"May we know, in certain cases, by our unforgiving disposition, that we ourselves are not justified?"

"If we are in the practice of forgiving those who injure us, or offend us,—does that Christian practice operate as a *cause* why God should forgive us?"

"Though the practising of forgiveness cannot obtain God's pardon for ourselves,—may not such a practice, when induced by Scriptural motives, be considered as a *sign* of personal forgiveness?"

Chapter VI.

BRIEF RESIDENCE AT THE SCHOOL OF B———;— HIS LETTERS FROM THENCE, AND ILLNESS THERE.

Though life seem most lively, and health the most strong,
Our life 's but a vapour—a breath!
This truth is still verified, now, or ere long,—
'Midst fulness of life we're in death!

Frederick, from causes already mentioned, being backward for his years, as to general attainments, and the period of life rapidly approaching when he ought to be, as we ardently hoped he might be, entered at the University, with a view to the Ministry,—we were anxious to lose no time in getting him again placed from home with some efficient teacher. In the course of our enquiries, with this object, different individuals and places, in various respects and degrees desirable, were suggested or occurred to us. We felt it to be an affair of great moment. The subject, betwixt myself and my dear wife, was made matter of, I think, almost daily prayer. We hesitated, in doubt of the probability of greatest

benefit in regard to the expansion of the dear boy's mind, betwixt the influence of a tutor's attention, and the more powerful stimulus of a school. Among the places that occurred to us was the school of B——, respecting which we made enquiries of a friend, who, we knew, had, for a considerable period, had a son there. The enquiries were answered so satisfactorily—both as to the personal Christian character of the master, and his talents as a teacher,—that I wrote to him to ascertain his terms and plan, and whether he had any vacancy.

Thinking it necessary forthwith to decide betwixt this seminary, and another, conducted on a different principle—respecting which we had also made enquiries,—the result, after much anxious thought, and many prayers, was, a decision in favour of the school at B——. And that decision proved another link in the chain of second causes,—and, alas! the connecting link with the last sad catastrophe of all our hopes, and all our comforts, in him whom we speedily had occasion to mourn. Looking at second causes only, this decision, with the circumstances under which it was carried into effect, was calculated to yield the bitterest feelings of regret and woe. But to look at events, however apparently the result of our own acts,—unless they be the acts of waywardness, folly, or wickedness,—as if they were

the effects of independent causes, is not only to burden ourselves with cares which we can neither manage nor controul, but to dishonour that special Providence of an Almighty Father and God, by which He rules and reigns in the earth! For of this, by inspiration we are assured, that though 'a man's heart may devise his ways, it is the Lord who directeth his steps.' Man, in himself, can only deal with second causes. To free himself from the anxiety and burden of their consequences, he must go out of himself,—'committing his way unto the Lord, and trusting also in Him who hath promised, that He will bring it to pass.' Second causes, indeed, which man seems to wield or influence, are but the instruments of God's providence,—as the conquering power, spoken of by Jeremiah the prophet, was made 'the Lord's battle-axe and weapons of war, whereby He brake in pieces the nations, and destroyed kingdoms'; and as Babylon and Assyria were appointed to be scourges of the Lord's erring people. That *peace*, which is the special prerogative of God's faithful children, has its sources in looking at all events beyond the cloud of second causes, and penetrating, by the eye of faith, the region above, where Jehovah sits on His throne of glory, ruling and controlling, in infinite wisdom and goodness, all the affairs of this nether world! May he who writes, and he who

reads, be prevalently enabled to realise this penetrating faith, and ever be privileged to exercise a confiding dependence on God, so that the trials and temptations of this world may be disarmed of their power to hurt, and so that the deepest sorrows of life may not be able to dismay!

On the 16th of October, 1834, my dear boy, having, with that ready and unquestioning submission for which he was remarkable, packed up his portmanteau, and made all other requisite preparations,—proceeded, accompanied by myself, on his momentous journey. We arrived at the school about one o'clock of the same day. Just as I had dismissed the carriage, in which we had crossed from the line of road traversed by the daily coaches to B——, I was told—and my heart sank within me when I heard it—that a fever, of the typhoid kind, had recently prevailed in the school. It had previously, 'indeed, been intimated to us that several of the boys had been attacked by an epidemic; but, as the influenza, which I imagined this disease to be, had been almost everywhere prevalent, the intimation made no impression on my mind. The idea of a typhoid fever, however, gave me, on the first mention of it, great anxiety, though subsequent information on the subject considerably allayed it. For, on enquiry as to particulars, I found, that there was no case then in the school—that,

among those which had occurred, none had been fatal—that the place had been thoroughly purified since the removal of the invalids—and that, previous to this visitation, the situation had always been considered as healthy. Hence I doubted, whether I should not be erring from timid apprehensions, and distrust of Providence, were I to take my anxious charge back with me. This consideration, moreover, had a decisive influence on my final determination,—that the weather, which, for three months previously, had been hot and unusually dry, had now set in damp and very cold; so that I inferred that the state of atmosphere, which appeared to have predisposed for the disease, having passed away, the habit of body, adapted for receiving the contagion, was not likely to be produced in one not having previously participated in the malaria of the locality. But the hopes derived from this consideration, however well founded in the theory of disease, were painfully disappointed, as the sad sad issue too soon testified.

Having made a circuit of the commodious premises connected with the school, and having examined the bed-rooms and school-room, which were unusually airy,—I took my poor anxious boy a walk through the town, returning by a country road, previous to our joining the master and his family at dinner. During this memorable

walk—the last we ever took together—though no expression of regret, or indication of unwillingness to be left here, escaped Frederick's lips—yet his manner was so modified by feeling and circumstance, as to produce a touching and indelible impression on my mind. It was not that his affection was more manifest than ofttimes it had been, or his dutifulness and attention more watchful; but, instead of the rapturous ardour in which these tokens of his love were wont to be elicited, there was, on this occasion, an affecting tenderness and subduedness of character in all his endearments. He clung fast to my hand, frequently kissing it, as we proceeded; he listened with watchful attention to every word I uttered; and no opportunity of evincing the spirit of duty and reverence which reigned in his breast, was passed by unimproved;—but still, every action, look, and expression, evinced a peculiar solemnity of feeling. All this, indeed, might be the mere natural consequence of the circumstances in which he was placed; but contemplated with reference to the melancholy result of this journey, so speedily realized, a parent's heart could not but feel as if there was something more!

On this occasion I gave to the confiding boy various directions for his guidance, and suggestions for his conduct in so novel a situation—where all the boys, except the son of our friend,

were strangers to him,—and, along with other instructions, I particularly charged him to write and let me know, should any renewal of the recent disease occur among his fellow-pupils. One new case, it was afterwards ascertained, did arise, soon after I parted from him; but why he did not inform me of it, I never knew.

Having done all I could for the dear boy's guidance and comfort; having told him to write to us largely and freely as soon as he had got accustomed to the plans and discipline of the school; and having finally commended him to the Divine protection and blessing,—I left him, under the depression of feelings of mutual anxiety, in his new abode.

His first letter, "dated B——, October the 27th, 1834," communicated, agreeably to my directions, the plan of education, and his position, in the school. Having worked his way both in Greek and Latin to the head of the class, in which, by the way of trial, he was first placed, he was removed to the one next above,—where, however, he found it difficult to compete with his fellows, who, though proceeding with books for the most part known to him, were much advanced beyond his own reading.

Having complained of feeling excessively lonely from the time of my departure, especially on the Sunday immediately afterwards,—he pro-

ceeds, in a subsequent part of his letter, to observe;—"Last Friday night I did a latin theme for the first time in my life: I gave it up on Saturday morning, and have not heard anything about it since. The subject was—'what cannot be cured, must be endured,' which I thought very applicable to my present feelings; for, even to this moment, I have not got over my loneliness, and in some cases my feelings quite overcome me."

The conclusion of his letter—as expressive of the state of his heart, and the tenderness of his conscience—is characteristic and interesting.

The letter being addressed to me, he requests me to give his best love 'to dear Mamma': "and tell her," he adds, "that I do not forget to pray for her and you. It seems like an age since I left home. Please to send me some advice and comfort: and I have prayed to God to put into your's and Mamma's heart, *such advice as may do me good, and also to enable me to follow it.*" "I passed a very quiet Sunday yesterday, indeed quite as quiet as ever I did; for I was able to stay by myself in the play-ground, and think about you and Mamma, and [to] pray silently for different things."

After this pleasing expression of his affectionate feelings, he proceeds, in his usual candour, to mention, with a view to our advice,

a conscientious difficulty in which he had become involved, by having, in the absence of his master, yielded to the example of his school-fellows, in omitting, formally, their usual private prayers. He, therefore, anxiously asks—"Do you think I denied Christ, when I did not say my prayers in the *bed-room*, because the other boys did not, and lest they should laugh at me?—though," he adds, "I said them afterwards by myself in the play-ground?"* He then explains, that it was because of the master's absence from home, on the particular occasion referred to, that he was placed in this condition of embarrassment; for he, when at home, was always wont to remain in the room till the boys performed this Christian duty.

This interesting, and, in many respects, touching letter, was answered most at large by his Mamma—with a few words only from myself, as I was much pressed by my professional occupations at the time. He was pointed to the efficient sources of comfort, in his condition of anxiety, and to a consideration of the important object he had in view, as a help to perseverance: at the same time a decided suggestion was made to him in respect to his having shrunk from prayer openly,

* The boys were not permitted, I believe, to have access to their bed-room after having left it in the morning; so that to get alone, in the open air, was the only place of retirement of which he could avail himself.

by which his conscience had been evidently wounded; but his own convictions, even before he received our suggestion, proved, under the guidance of the Holy Spirit, sufficient. For, that this was the case, his next letter, written early in November, and addressed to "dear Mamma"—from which we take a few extracts—satisfactorily shows.

"I have been a good deal more knocked about," he observes in the commencement, "than when I first wrote to you. I have tried to bear it as well as I could, though, in one instance, my feelings overcame me. I begin to feel more used to my situation; though I cannot help feeling lonely sometimes. I passed a very pleasant birthday, [5th of November,] especially in the evening; for most of the boys had gone out to spend the afternoon at those houses where they were invited. I hope that you and Papa continue well, for I do not forget to pray for you both, as I know that you pray for me. I am much obliged to you for your kind letter: *I have not left off saying my prayers since I wrote to you.*"

The greater part of this letter is occupied in statements and enquiries respecting books used in the school—in mentioning the difficulties he experienced from his class being so much in advance of him—and his plan for endeavouring

to make up his deficiency—with a description of the religious exercises of the school, and other occasional matters.

Having answered the above by a private hand, —in a joint letter by my wife and myself—we each received a communication from the dear boy, on one sheet, just previous to his fatal attack of disease,—or rather, perhaps, in the very incipient stage of it.

In the first portion of the sheet—addressed to his Mamma under the date of the 3rd of December—he mentions that for two days he had been rather unwell, and that he had obtained medical advice,—which, however, it was not found necessary to repeat, as we subsequently learnt, during about a week. He then states the expected time of his return home, "D.V. on Thursday fortnight." After describing a fire which had recently taken place in the neighbourhood of B——, the act, it was supposed, of an incendiary—he speaks, a second time, of his feelings towards his Mamma. His habitual candour, truthfulness, and caution of not speaking what he did not fully feel, again appear in this part of his letter,—the state of his affection being evidently estimated only by its conscious impulses. "I know," he says, "you wish me to tell you candidly what my feelings are towards you: I am sorry to say, that sometimes I have felt an in-

difference [towards] you, and I tried to drive it from me, by thinking of your kindness to me, and my ungratefulness to you; but, when your letter arrived, my indifference went away. Even now while I am writing to you, I fancy I feel indifferent, though I am trying to drive it away. I prayed against it last night, and mean to do in future, for I did not think of it before"! There is no doubt, but that the dear boy's fear of over-estimating his regards, made him question, as I have already intimated, the state of his affections in the absence of the more active impulses of feeling.

A remarkable and instructive analogy is observable, betwixt Frederick's feelings and misgivings, in regard to his love to his Mamma, and those of the timid, doubting and anxious believer, in regard to the state of his affections towards Christ. This analogy,—with the hope of affording consolation or comfort to some diffident ones, who may happen to read this Memorial—it may be useful to point out. For there are those, who are truly Children of God, who experience many anxious misgivings as to their interest in, and love to, Christ; because, like Frederick, they are ofttimes unconscious of any impulsive feelings towards Him. Their hearts sometimes seem, perhaps, as if they were totally indifferent to the Saviour. But as the anxieties

and misgivings in the mind of Frederick were really evidences of his love; so, doubtless, those spiritual anxieties, of which we speak, are tokens, however feeble, or defective in consciousnesss, of love to Christ. For to strive, like him, to drive away the lamented indifference; to pray, like him, for the removal of that indifference; and to experience like him, a change of feeling on the reception of some token of affection towards us,—are all signs, not of total indifference, but really of love. Our Lord himself, indeed, shows us, that the decisive test of love to Him, is not so much in conscious feelings, as in prevalent and considerate obedience: for, thus he said, in his comforting discourse to his Apostles, when he was just about to be offered up,—"If a man love me, he will keep my Commandments;" and, "he that hath my Commandments, and keepeth them, he it is that loveth me." A similar test of our having a saving knowledge of, and interest in, Christ, is thus declared in the first General Epistle of St. John,—"Hereby we do know that we know him, if we keep his Commandments." Frederick's practice of endeavouring to stir up his latent affections by meditations on his Mamma's kindness to him, and on his own defective returns, and by prayer for better feelings, is likewise, in no mean degree, instructive. For the

very same practice spiritually,—meditations on the merciful kindness of Christ to us, and of our ingratitude to Him, with fervent prayers for heavenly affections,—will be found amongst the most efficient means, under the furtherance of the Holy Spirit, of stirring up our hearts to a more cheering perception and consciousness of our personal interest in, and love towards, our great Redeemer.

In the portion of his letter to me, Frederick mentions a case of singular trial of his principles, in a manner beautiful in simplicity, and replete with interest. He commences that part of his letter by stating, with strong expressions of regret, that he had been led, in two or three instances, "into the dreadful sin of lying."* In one instance he seems to have been tempted to shrink from his wonted candour when questioned concerning a fault charged against some of the boys; so as, under the apprehensions of the moment, to endeavour to screen them by some concealment or equivocation which his principles condemned. And in another instance, the fault

* Many persons would not be disposed, perhaps, to apply to the errors, which Frederick here particularizes, the strong epithet he himself employs—"the dreadful sin of lying." But, it was always an object with me solemnly to impress on his mind, the abhorrent character of this sin, by denominating every kind of equivocation by its right name—a *lie*. And the salutary influence of that impression, in the production of susceptibility of conscience, is, in the case referred to, strikingly obvious.

for which he blamed himself was this—his having been induced, from a feeling of shame, to intimate, after repeated explanations of a difficult passage in latin, that his teacher's explanation was sufficient, when, in fact, he did not fully comprehend it. But the case more particularly referred to, I give at length in his own words:—"The boys are now writing out songs for to sing at the end of the half [year], and, on Sunday night last, some of them came to me, and began questioning me about what songs I knew; and then they asked me if I would learn one, if they would teach me; and I assented [on condition] they would let me see what it was about first, 'for,' said I, 'I [have] felt the consequences once before, of making a rash promise.' They then gave me three to choose out of; [but] I was afraid that there was something indecent in them, and I tried to persuade them to let me see them first; but they would not. They then offered me two of them, and gave their opinion as to which I should choose; but I, thinking the one, which they said was the best, to be the worst, foolishly chose the other one with reluctance. But when they had made me repeat the first verse, I found that it was indecent: even then I thought that I would just see what the second verse [was], and found it worse than *the* first. I said I would not go on any fur-

ther. 'Then,' said they, 'you will tell a lie, for you promised to learn it.' At that moment I thought of Herod's rash oath, and about your saying 'that it would have been better for him to have broken his oath, than to have beheaded John;' and I said, 'that there was a choice of evils, and I chose to break my promise!' But I got three good licks of the arm; for it is a custom among the boys to give three licks for a lie." It is difficult to determine whether the tenderness of conscience or the application of the Scriptural incident, is, in this record, the most instructive or beautiful.

Another instance of the trial of his principles —though in a matter of less moment—is mentioned briefly in conclusion of the same letter. "About a day or two after I wrote to you last," says he, "the boys began to ask if I thought it was wrong to hunt squirrels? for they had been doing so when we went out to walk. I said, 'Yes,' as it was only for amusement. Then," (trying to turn his opinion against him by reference to *my* former occupation) "they asked me," he continues, "if it was wrong to hunt whales? and I said, No! because there was an object in it."

On the 8th of December, he wrote the usual formal letter—the last time, probably, which he

ever put pen to paper—announcing the near commencement of the Christmas vacation. Dear lamented boy! that period, to which he no doubt looked with peculiar feelings of hope and happiness, he was not to enjoy on this terrestrial stage. A more sublime and loftier enjoyment awaited him, in the presence of that adorable Lord, whose coming in the flesh we were just about to celebrate.

Within three or four days of the time, when we had been led to look for the beloved boy's return amongst us—a sad check was received to the buoyancy of our hope, by a letter from Mr. A —— announcing his illness. It stated that about the time of his writing his holiday letter, Frederick had complained a little of indisposition, which, says Mr. A —— "we had every reason to think would yield in a day or two to the ordinary remedies; but which, from its continuance, in the absence of every acute symptom, our medical man pronounces to be simple fever. For several days, I may say a week, the disorder has neither progressed nor gone back; to-day, however, he is pronounced better,—notwithstanding, it would not be desirable to move him for a week or perhaps ten days from this time."

Though there was nothing in this communication calculated to excite much alarm, yet I felt a heavy anxiety and misgiving, and wrote for immediate particulars, respecting matters not stated,

as to his case,—meaning, as soon as I could be assured that he might travel with safety, to go and bring him home.

In two days our anxiety was much relieved by a letter from Mrs. A——, describing, at considerable length, the state of the dear boy:—"Through mercy," says Mrs. A——, "his indisposition has been very slight, and has *not* during the fortnight that he has been poorly, once assumed a malignant symptom; but, as he has had *slight* pain in the head and stomach, and a dry tongue ..... we have thought it right to keep him perfectly quiet, and principally in bed for five or six days." After mentioning the nature of the medical treatment, she adds—"Your son appears to be almost quite well at present, except that he is weak, and also *very deaf*;"—the deafness, Mrs. A—— speaks of, as being an ordinary symptom, and as one which would, no doubt, disappear, along with the other effects of the disease. Referring to the prospect of his returning home, and of the most desirable conveyance, she says—"we hope, through the Divine blessing, he may be quite well enough to come to you, the beginning of next week; but I would suggest to you whether you would think it safe for him to travel alone if his deafness continues?...If he had a companion I should think that change of air, in two or three days, would be good for him; but that he should

not travel so far *alone* for almost a week." But in a postscript she says—"Mr. A—— desires me to add, that he thinks your son may travel in perfect safety by being put into the special charge of the guard of the coach."

In consequence of this letter, I determined on immediately endeavouring to have the dear boy brought home, being persuaded that he must have better nursing, where all would be anxious to wait on him, as well as a great probable advantage in the change of air.—As it was Thursday afternoon, however, when the last letter reached us, and the journey would, under the circumstances, require two days,—and being uncertain whether he might be able to travel on Saturday, I could not myself, with due regard to my Sabbath-day duties, venture to undertake the journey, at the very close of the week, on such a contingency. A steady careful servant, however, was dispatched on the Friday, on this responsible charge,—who was ordered to take Mr. A——'s directions as to the time of starting, whether on Saturday, or in the beginning of the succeeding week, as also by what conveyance it might be best to travel.

Before passing on to a description of Frederick's subsequent state, I may here with propriety mention some further particulars, respecting the com-

mencement and early progress of his disease, which were afterwards communicated to us.

It would appear probable, that the indisposition of which he complained on the 3rd of December, was the incipient warning of the disease. For though, during five days afterwards, no further medical assistance was thought requisite, yet it appeared from his observations to his school-fellows, that he was not well. He was heard to remark 'that he did not know what was the matter with him, for he felt neither well nor ill, but yet uncomfortable.' On some days he had considerable head-ache; but still did not give up his school exercises till after the 6th. On the evening of that day, as Mrs. A—— states in a letter to a friend, "he said he had a slight head-ache. He was considered not well enough to go to Church on the following day [Sunday]; but he joined a part of the family, which was necessarily detained at home, in reading a portion of the Church service. When not so engaged," adds Mrs. A——, "he took out his little text book from his pocket, and showed it me with great pleasure, and talked to me of some of his friends."

On Monday morning, having been sent for by Mrs. A——, he said, 'he still felt poorly, and *thought* he had pain in his head; but was not quite certain; he did not feel as usual, and was

weak.' On his examination by a medical man, he was considered a little poorly; but not specifically ill. His feelings, however, indicated more; for on being asked whether he would like to go to bed, he said 'he should.' A bed was made up for him in a room by himself, where he remained about a week. He took medicine, of one kind or other, daily. Three or four days after he took to his bed, a relative of Mrs. A——, a surgeon, happened to call, whose opinion respecting Frederick was asked. He said 'there were certainly all the indications of low simple fever, in a very mild form; it would probably run on for several days, whatever treatment was pursued. He recommended, however, bleeding, and an emetic, as the most probable stay to the disease,—on which leeches were applied, and a strong purgative was administered. The next day he felt much relieved; but still not as usual; he however *appeared* almost well, and sat up occasionally for two or three days. He then ceased to complain of any pain—his pulse was not at all high—and his tongue had become moist. At this time meat broth was given to him, and he walked out, for about ten minutes, with a servant, which he enjoyed much. The next day, he was so much better, that he was desired to walk out again (though the unfavourableness of *the day* prevented him doing so), and his medical

attendant said he need take no more medicine. He, however, walked in the hall and school-room, and looked out the books to be taken home with him. In the afternoon of the same day, [Friday, 19th] he amused himself with looking at some prints, on which he made remarks.

Early the next day our servant arrived, who was appointed to take charge of him; and, as his medical attendant said he might, with care, undertake the journey, and that a change of air was likely to be useful to him,—he was sent forward, in a close carriage, to W——, and, from thence, inside of a fast coach, attended personally by the servant, to Exeter.

In conclusion of the letter from whence the above particulars are taken, Mrs. A—— mentions, that the dear boy "asked for his Bible and Prayer-Book in his illness; and took great pleasure in reading 'Zadoc.'" "We could not read to him," she adds, "from his deafness"; but, as far as the oppression of his head permitted him, he seems to have read the Scriptures; and, no doubt, pondered the instructions and supports thereof in his heart.

Chapter VII.

FREDERICK'S RETURN HOME, AND FINAL ILLNESS.

Thy Providence, Father, by deep tribulation,
Calls aloud on thy servant to render to Thee,
Submission of soul to thy sore dispensation,
And faith to believe it is good, e'en to me.

I bow to thy will—of my child make surrender,
And wait for thy finger to point out thy will,
To which I acceptable homage may render,
And best thy designs may ever fulfil.

In all the stages of the lamented boy's progress to B——, and in all the movements and circumstances of his anxiously looked-for return, our consolation was, that—whether able of ourselves to help and guide or not—whether present with him or absent from him—we had One, ruling in the heavens, and controuling all the affairs of this earth, to whom, through a compassionate Mediator, we might bring our cause, and, with a consoling promise of blessing, might cast all our cares upon him.

When we had tremblingly waited the arrival *of the coach* up to its full time on Saturday even-

ing—anxiously and prayerfully hoping that he might come—we were speedily relieved from our suspense by the driving up of a carriage to the door, with the servant and the dear child. It is needless to attempt to describe the mixture of feelings which now occupied our breasts,—of thankfulness for his arrival—of tremblings for his safety—of sympathy for his condition—and of hopes for his speedy restoration. Those only who have experienced the like, can enter into them—and with such persons description is unnecessary.

He appeared not more worn down by the disease than we had anticipated; but his countenance was heavy—his voice unnaturally drawling—and his hearing scarcely impressible except by a man's voice. He was evidently ill—though, under the very careful attendance of the servant, he had performed the journey pretty well;—and I could not but feel, notwithstanding the favourable reports we had received of his case from B——, very anxious about him. He spoke little, or nothing, except in answer to any questions; and he returned but a feeble and imperfect response to the endearments with which he was received. We gave him some tea, and then, supported by my arm put round him, he walked up-stairs to his bed-room,—from whence, dear lamented child! he was never to walk again.

In the morning of Sunday, 21st of December, I found him less renovated than I had hoped. His deafness rendered communication with him difficult: he seemed oppressed in his head, and still spoke but little. When asked 'how he was?' he answered doubtingly. Being questioned as to 'whether he had any pain?' he said, 'he thought he had in his head, especially when he coughed.'

My preparations for the pulpit and public engagements, however, so occupied me, that I had but little opportunity of remaining with him, till the duties of the day were completed. Meanwhile our medical adviser had seen him; and in the evening saw him again. His opinion seemed to be, 'that the patient had had a *much more* severe attack than we had supposed, and that he was now suffering from the effects of a yet unsubdued fever.' But—though it was impossible to state what might occur—he did not seem to think that his case called for great anxiety.

The next day, Monday, I had more communication with him; but the preparations for Christmas-day, and the following Sunday, made such heavy demands on my time, that I could not be very continuously with him, except in the evening, when he was found generally to be heavy, sleepy, and more obtuse in his apprehensions.

I think it was on this day, however, after he had taken his breakfast, that he observed to me, —"Papa! I was thinking that God had designs of mercy to me, or He would not have chastised me!" My return to this remark, I do not accurately remember; but I presume it was an encouraging reflection, drawn from the observance of his heavenly Father's treatment of him; as also an assurance that all things, by God, were beneficently designed, and, if improved by us, would work together for good.

Our professional attendant considered him "no worse"; but as considerable fever was evidently remaining, he was put under suitable discipline, and ordered to remain in bed.

The next day, Tuesday, the 23rd, there was little or no change. Sometimes, indeed, his pulse, which was usually about a hundred, got a little down; and he seemed to be in no pain, except an indistinct oppression of his head. He took light fluid food, as it was offered to him,—more, however, medicinally, except his tea which he enjoyed, than from appetite or relish.

I asked him, on different mornings, 'if he had said his prayers'? and always found that he had attended to that important duty,—his answer uniformly being "Yes."

It was on this morning, if I mistake not, on my going to his bed-side, after my breakfast, and

sitting down on a chair by him, that he gave me a singular statement concerning a presentiment he felt of a *fatal* result from the disease under which he was prostrated. His communication was to this effect;—"Papa"! he said—the usual commencement of observations resulting from some previous mental process—"I read in the ——," [mentioning the title of a book which I do not distinctly remember]—"a warning from the text that 'this night shall thy soul be required of thee';—and further on, I read, '*this year thy soul* may be required of thee';—and, when I looked into my text-book," [the little book referred to by Mrs. A——, called "Dewdrops," which he always carried in his pocket], "I found that the text for the last day of the year, was,—'What is your life? It is even a vapour, that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away'! I thought," he added, with an anxious smile and agitated expression—whilst his cheeks coloured under the influence of the emotion—"I thought that it [all] applied to me"! The expression of his countenance, and earnestness of his manner, together excited an involuntary shuddering, and anxious sympathy. I could only encourage him, (if I remember correctly,) with this assurance—'that he was in his heavenly Father's hands, who ordereth all things well, and that He would *do what* was best for him!'

He mentioned to me, on another occasion, that he had remembered what I had formerly told him, with reference to the improvement of what we heard from the pulpit,—'that it was a good practice to read over the chapter, in the Scriptures, from whence the text was taken'—"this practice," he said, "I have not since omitted."

In the evening, I proposed that his Mamma and I should pray with him. He seemed pleased; and whilst we both grasped one of his hands, as we knelt by his bed-side, he himself, with his other hand, carefully uncovered his left ear, and then—though he was so deaf that the *sound* of my voice could be barely perceptible—he seemed to receive comfort from the exercise in which, in spirit or in imagination, only, he could unite.

On other occasions, subsequently, when we united in prayer in the same way,—one of his hands being enfolded betwixt ours, and his ear uncovered as before—it was striking to observe his earnest watchfulness;—for, although these evening exercises were undertaken at an hour when, otherwise, he was wont to be very heavy and sleepy,—yet his efforts at wakeful attention, merely to hear the undistinguishable words of the prayer we offered up for him, were at once interesting and affecting. At the conclusion, he would usually draw my hand to his lips and kiss it, whilst he presented his cheek to *his Mamma to be* kissed by her.

No satisfactory progress being made in the hoped-for convalescence, and the dear boy's head continuing evidently oppressed, and his deafness unabated,—a blister was ordered to be applied to his neck. His behaviour under this application —as well as under every measure of treatment or discipline to which he was subjected—was affectingly meek, submissive, and confiding. In the morning after its application, he made no complaint, except when asked how he had slept? or whether the blister had pained him?—and then he merely referred to it in replying, 'that he had not been able to sleep, unless early in the night, in consequence of the blister; but that it did not pain him much, except when he moved.' When it had risen sufficiently, he placed himself in a sitting posture in the bed, to allow his Mamma to remove it, and dress the sore. His behaviour under this operation, rendered doubly painful, no doubt, by the entanglement of the plaster with his hair, was strikingly beautiful. In the manner in which he sat—in the appearance of his head as inclined forward—in the position and form of his bent figure—in the expression of his expressive countenance—was exhibited altogether a model for the sculptor,—simple, dignified, enduring, and submissive. Whilst his Mamma, with the assistance of her sister, was cutting away the entangling hair, and

drawing off the plaster—he never opened his lips—nor gave utterance to the faintest expression of either impatience, or complaint! The nurse who attended him, being present on the occasion—though accustomed to such scenes, and in no inconsiderable degree callous in feeling—was so struck with his manner, that she seemed constrained into sympathy, saying—"Poor thing!" "poor boy!" Though we might not dare to compare any human endurance, with the endurance of Him who was as a sheep before her shearers, dumb, not opening His mouth—yet one might well be reminded, even of His incomparable example, by the touching, humble resignation of the dear child!

On one of the visits of his medical attendant, about the middle of the week, I was much struck with the peculiar expression of anxiety in his countenance, whilst he scrutinised the aspect of Mr. ——, after having felt his pulse. I subsequently questioned him as to the cause of his having looked so anxious. "I was afraid," he replied, "of what the Doctor would say about me:—does he say I am better or worse?" "He thinks you," I answered, "the same. He says you have been dangerously ill at school; but he hopes, with God's blessing, well of you."

This anxiety—as from long observation of a

particular feature in his character, I feel well assured—was occasioned, not so much by the desire of life, as by his diffident opinion of his spiritual state,—that opinion leading him now, as aforetime it had often done, to question, with solicitous apprehensions, whether he was prepared to meet his God?

On visiting his room, in the morning of the 25th, I reminded him that it was *Christmas-Day*, of which, he said, he was not aware; and he smiled, in affectionate gratitude, when I wished him a happy Christmas and Christ's blessing. When we returned to his chamber, after the morning service in the Church, he said, "I have been wondering that you should administer the Sacrament on Christmas-Day." I asked him, "Why?" "Because," he answered, "Christmas-Day is a day of *rejoicing* in the birth of Christ, and the Sacrament is in remembrance of his death!" I explained to him that 'notwithstanding this *apparent* incongruity, it was still most suitable, inasmuch as, by the *death* of Christ, it is, that we, sinners, are enabled to rejoice at his birth: and that those only who, by faith, obtain an interest in his death, can really rejoice in the birth of a Saviour!'

He spoke during his illness, as I have said, but little, and, of that little, all cannot be re-

membered; for as we were generally encouraged, amidst frequent misgivings, to think well of his case, we did hope that the Lord would carry him through this trial, and preserve the dear boy as a comfort to us, and yet employ him as an instrument for promoting His own glory.

On one occasion, soon after his return home, he incidentally mentioned to me an instance, alas, too frequent, of thoughtless unfeelingness in school-boys:—when he had a bad head-ache, he said, previous to the appearance of his confirmed fever, one of the big boys, who had heard him complaining, gave him a blow on the head whenever he passed him—remarking, with cruel insensibility—"that will cure your head-ache" —or "take that to cure your head-ache"!

Friday, the 26th.—This day found us in unalleviated doubt and anxiety respecting the real condition of the dear boy. He did not seem worse—sometimes he appeared better; but, when I compared his appearance and state with what they were on his arrival, I was painfully constrained to infer that he was weaker. I mentioned my apprehensions to Mr. ——, and told him that I thought it would be satisfactory to call in additional advice: accordingly Dr. B—— was requested to meet him (our usual medical attendant) at a specified hour. Dr. B—— pronounced the disease to be *decided*

Typhus, and he gave it as his opinion, that the dear uncomplaining patient was in a very critical state; yet, on the whole, he hoped well of the result. He was surprised at the obtuseness of his hearing; for shouting into his ear he was but imperfectly understood. The difficulty, indeed, of making him hear, had, for some time, been so great, that we had found it better to resort to the slate, and to write down, for the most part, such questions as we wished to ask, or anything we wished to communicate. Some change was now made in his medicines; but the general treatment was little altered. We were ordered to give him food—arrow root, broth, sago, jelly, with tea, &c.—*hourly*, as it was deemed most important, there being a too-considerable action in the bowels, to endeavour to maintain his strength. With a view to this, a tea spoon full of port wine was generally added to each supply of nourishment.

The next morning, the 27th, when I first saw him, I tried, as usual, the rate of his pulse, and then asked him cheerfully 'how he was?'—for his eyes seemed bright and his countenance animated. He replied, "I want to know what *you* say—for *you* know best!" On another occasion, when asked the same question, he had said, "I don't think I shall be well till my head is better."

After breakfast, I went as usual to his room,

where he was always pleased to see me, when he said—"Papa, will you talk a little?" "With pleasure, my dear child," said I,—and I sat down by the side of his bed, on which he took my hand and kissed it. His countenance now exhibited an interesting expression of subdued anxiety, strikingly harmonizing with the train of his thoughts, which he immediately indicated, by the mention of his apprehensions because of his sins. One particular seemed to press on his mind—'that he had got so accustomed to hearing the boys about him *swearing*, that he was afraid he had not felt that awe of it which he ought.' It was evident he was both entitled to encouragement, and needed it; the needed encouragement, therefore, by reference to the mercy of God in Christ Jesus, I endeavoured to afford him. "Jesus Christ," I said, "loves you"—on which he sweetly smiled.* I then mentioned, I believe, the text,—"if any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous; and He is the propitiation for our sins;"—'his blood,' I think I added, 'cleanseth from *all* sin.' Then, quoting from Isaiah, I wrote—whether wholly or in part I do not well remember—"Come now

* I am not quite sure of the exact order, as to time, of this, and some other conversations; but I have given the particulars to the best of my recollection,—in some cases assisted by notes made soon afterwards.

and let us reason together, saith the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool!" "Yes," he added, sweetly and modestly smiling,—"and I was thinking of this text,—'Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts; and let him return unto the Lord, and he will *have mercy upon him*: and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon.'" Being called away for a moment, Miss F——, my sister-in-law, who was left with him, was about directing his attention, just as I returned, to the twenty-third Psalm. This encouraging portion of Scripture, I then put before him in a separate Book of Psalms;—he read it through, his lips moving as he proceeded, and then he returned me the book, smiling as if he had felt the comfort of it. Finding, however, his face becoming flushed, as if he were too much excited, we discontinued our conversation, and shortly, or immediately, afterwards, the medical men arrived.

I told them that I found he was anxious in his mind, and I had been endeavouring to encourage him;—they wished him to be encouraged, but as little excited as possible. Before they left the room, he asked me 'what the Doctors said?' I answered—"with the blessing of God, they *hope you* will do very well." "Tell him," said

one of the gentlemen, "we think he will do well"!

Still he seemed weaker, though his general symptoms were pronounced to be more favourable. He was ordered to be kept very quiet, and not to be allowed to make any exertion that could possibly be spared. To fulfil their directions, an infringement on his natural delicacy was requisite—and we had great difficulty, *in that particular alone*, in guiding him! In every thing else, it was as beautiful, as it was uncommon, to witness his confiding dependence, and unquestioning submission. Whatever we offered to him, he at once, unhesitatingly, took. We had to watch him that he should not rise in his bed, whenever a cup or glass was brought before him. I had frequently to remind him previously, that he *must not* rise, as it was injurious to him. But still, his singular submission and tractableness sometimes betrayed him; so that, not remembering the caution, he would intuitively make an effort to rise till a hand was gently laid upon him.

The next day, 28th of December, was Sunday. I told him it was the "Lord's day"—which he had not previously remembered. He appeared more animated in his countenance than usual—smiled as I approached him, and kissed my hand. After breakfast, his Mamma suggested

that I should ask him—whether he would not like to have the benefit of the prayers of the congregation? He coloured, at the question, and answered, "Yes"! but expressed a desire that his name should not be mentioned. We then proposed that the prayers should be requested—"for a sick child." To this he seemed to assent; but, after a considerable time, during which he seemed to have been meditating on the subject, he said to me—"Papa, say—'for a sick boy'"!

As he became flushed after this conversation, I thought it right to desist. Being left quiet, however, the glow on his cheeks soon went off, and his pulse got down to a favourable state. After the usual visit of the medical men, 'I wished him a Sabbath-day's blessing,' and left him in charge of his Mamma, whilst I proceeded to my morning's duties at Church.

On my return he seemed better. He had been rather lively, and disposed to be playful in my absence, and our hearts were cheered by hopes concerning him,—hopes, alas, unduly excited, at the very period when the unexpected hour of despair was at hand!—I forget whether it was on this occasion, or some other about this time, that I put the question to him,—"Do you love the Lord Jesus Christ"? when, without *hesitation*, he answered, "Yes"! "Are you

happy in Christ?" "Yes"! "Do you *feel* His comforts"? After a pause, he said, "Sometimes"!

But the hour of despair, I have said, was at hand. Betwixt 12 and 3 o'clock, in the day, there had been a repeated, and unusual, action in his bowels; after the last, he suddenly and alarmingly sunk; his countenance became inanimate—his limbs got clammy and began to feel cold—and a total change in his appearance ensued. In much anxiety we sent hastily for Mr. ——; he wished Dr. B—— to be sent for, and, as I wrote a hasty line, desired me to add —"pulse 140, with low delirium"! This was the first time we had perceived any wandering in his mind.

At this crisis, under feelings of intense anxiety, I was obliged to leave the dear child, having no one to take my place at the evening service of my Church. It was Innocents' Day. My subject, prepared for this special occasion, was founded on the text,—"A voice was heard in Ramah, lamentation, and bitter weeping: Rachael weeping for her children, refused to be comforted for her children, because they were not." The melancholy appropriation I painfully anticipated; but, notwithstanding much oppression and distress of feeling, I was mercifully assisted, so as to be enabled to go through the trying service.

Dr. B—— had been to the dear boy before I returned home, and an active astringent remedy had been administered. To stay the issues of life, this had been thought necessary; but in staying the fast-ebbing power of animation, inflammation, doubtless previously existing, was so provoked, that, from the time at which the medicine took effect, life was only sustained at the expense of the most agonising pain. Yet, doubtless, it was right to be done; and so favourably did this treatment, in the first instance, seem to act, that again the rapid, turbulent, flickering pulse began to be measurable and distinct—again the wandering intellect began to be cleared—and the springs of hope, again, were slightly renewed.

Early in the morning of the 30th, I found these favourable symptoms prevailing, on entering his room. Our kind medical attendant and friend had slept in the house, but it was not considered necessary to call him. When he came to look at his patient, whilst yet early, he confirmed the favourable indications.

Soon, however, the dear child, who had hitherto had no *acute* symptoms or sufferings, began to experience pains in the abdomen. At first these were indicated to us only by the expression of his countenance, which, whilst writhing under inward spasm, became shrivelled in every feature; for neither complaint, nor moan, for a considerable

time, escaped him. At length the spasms became so very agonising, that his previously resigned and silent endurance gave way—not to complainings, but to the most piteous and affecting moanings. During the existence of the spasms, which lasted for several minutes at a time, he would draw the hand of any one sitting near him towards the place of the pain, and seemed to receive some relief by gentle rubbing. A fomentation, with an infusion of poppies, was ordered to be at intervals administered on the region of the spasms, from which he derived some perceptible relief. At two in the morning, I first did this office for him. To prepare him for it, I wrote on the slate,—"We are going to *foment* your body to relieve the pain." He asked—"what is fomenting"?

At 10 A.M., of the 30th, I met the medical gentlemen in his room. He had had some rest in the intervals of his severe pains. His pulse was less frequent (about 120), and steadier; his head, likewise, was, for considerable intervals, clearer.

As I stood by his bed-side, the Doctors being in the farther part of the room, he was observed looking so very earnestly round where I was standing, that some one was induced to ask him 'what he wanted'?

It was found to be an expression of his attention to me personally—under the circumstances, an affecting expression. It had always been his

delight to wait on me, to minister to my comfort, or to anticipate my wishes:—in this instance the habit of mind was touchingly shewn, when, in answer to the enquiry as to the cause of his apparent anxiety, he said,—"I was looking to see if the chair with the crimson cushion was there for papa"! Dr. B—— asked what he had been saying, and being told, he was touched by the circumstance, and feelingly exclaimed—"poor boy"!

After they had left the room, the dear child asked me—'whether the doctor said he was better or worse'? I told him 'that he thought him very unwell'; "but," I immediately added, writing on the slate—"You believe in Jesus Christ"? He signified his assent. I then wrote, "he that believeth shall be saved"! Of this he signified his belief. "Do you feel the Lord comforting you?" I next asked. He paused, and then replied—"I am not quite certain"! "But," I added, "I believe you are God's child"! No sooner had he read this remark, than his countenance became lighted up, as it were, with a bright beam of hope; and, under the momentary animation, he put forth his trembling arm, and, taking my hand, drew it to his lips, and kissed it. The act and expression were indescribably touching.

During the day, he wandered frequently, and spoke incoherently. At other times—especially

when he was addressed by myself—he seemed more collected. He spoke of his bible—which he had always kept very carefully—and pointing to it, as it lay in sight on a table near him, he asked me—'if I had an old pocket bible to give him, as that was too good to take to school.' He also remarked 'that its cover was torn, and would require to be renewed.' These remarks, however, were mere indications of his established order of mind, which now, under the guidance of former associations, gave a spontaneous utterance, when the judgment and full consciousness of his state were obscured by disease.

The astringent application having been more than sufficiently effectual, it was found necessary to resort to the usual remedies for restoring the action of the bowels. This was done twice in the day, and the desired effect at length ensued; but the inflammation had gone beyond the restorative power of nature. Pain succeeded pain, under truly pitiable indications. He sometimes said—"I never had such pain"! "I never felt such agony"! With a view of relieving it, an application of spirit of turpentine was ordered, and repeated from time to time.

On one occasion, during the height of the spasm, as I was sitting by the side of his bed,—he put forth his withered and trembling arm, and taking my hand, resting on the bed beside him, he drew

it towards him; and, with an affecting expression of endearment, whilst hopelessly soliciting comfort, enfolded his little hand within mine! But there was no help in man; nature, at such a moment, could but weep.

I sat up with him on the night of the 30th-31st, till 3 o'clock in the morning, ministering to him, as usual, his hourly spoonful of nourishment, and, from time to time, according to the directions, his medicinal potion—the object of which was now again to arrest the too frequent action of the bowels. The offered portion was always received. No deference seemed to be allowed by him either to feeling or desire; whatever was put to his lips, however repugnant to nature, he always made an effort to swallow till the very last hour of his life. And even when, on one occasion, the quantity of arrow-root administered was more than his stomach could bear, he took what was offered, as usual, and tried to retain it when the stomach made an effort to discharge it; and it was not till I directed him not to contend against the upward tendency longer, that he ceased his resistance.

About 3 o'clock, as the dear child had become easier than, for some hours previously, he had been, had then longer intervals of quiet, and seemed disposed to sleep,—I left him in charge of the nurse, along with an attentive female servant. Our medical friend, who was sleeping

in an adjoining room, had left orders to be called on any emergency; and I requested, that I also should be called, in the event of any change. No such change, however, was at the time apprehended, I believe, by any one. His case, indeed, I considered all but hopeless; and I had been enabled, during my recent watching over him, to surrender the child of my affections into the hands of HIM who had given him. But I had no idea that the termination of my hopes, and of his sufferings, was so near.

He continued, after I left him, to receive his hourly portion of nourishment up to 6 o'clock: previously he had taken whatever was put to his lips; now, however, after one dessert spoonful had been swallowed, he declined the rest, distinctly saying—"No more"!

At this time, his nurse first observed a change in his appearance, and quietly called his medical attendant; I myself, harassed with anxiety, also awoke,—the thought painfully recurring to me—'this is the day, the last of the year, the text of which my poor boy thought applied to himself.' But the adjoining room was quieter—the patient seemed easier—might I yet hope? Alas! no. A servant came to our door—we looked up in anxiety—it was to announce 'that there was a great change—and Mr. De la G— had requested us to be called.' Hope was at an end, and

we rushed into the chamber of the beloved child.—The eyes had become dim—the countenance had sunk—there was yet motion of the lips, but the fearful aspect was only that of death.

We fell down on our knees by the side of the bed—myself and wife, with two of the servants, and others; and just at the very moment, I believe, that we cried, "Lord Jesus receive his spirit!"—he ceased to breathe, and his liberated soul was received by waiting angels, and winged away into glory! And so the question—"What is your life?" was solemnly answered; it was found to be "even as a vapour, that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away"!

The writer will not pretend to describe his feelings on this deeply afflictive occasion. Suffice it to say, that they were those of a parent bereaved of a son most strongly and deservedly endeared to him—of a son who loved his parent, and that above every object in the world besides! If, however, his bereavement was great, blessed be God, his supports were great also. He that deeply wounded, was present to sustain, and ready to pour in the balm of consolation. As mourners, blessed be God, we were privileged to feel, that our loss was, to the dear departed-one, unspeakable gain; yea, that that loss, duly sanctified to us, might become a rich boon of mercy.

Dear, dear, child! If the affliction of thy early departure shall work in us, by Divine grace, a deep, soul-renewing repentance, as a new endowment of spiritual life,—shall it not occasion to thy now happy spirit a more rapturous glory? If our hearts be now truly broken, and eventually, by the grace of the Spirit working by this dispensation, be duly sanctified,—shall not thy glorified spirit rejoice with the angels in the presence of God? And if the departed spirits of the just be among the "spirits sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation,"—may not thy exulting angel be commissioned for this service to us, and become, by the Spirit, an instrument for ministering to us life out of the impressions of death? God knoweth! Yet is it a pleasing, and, methinks, a Scriptural contemplation. For if such be the ministrations of angels, as we are assured they are,—why may not the spirits of those loving us, and beloved by us, in life, be still loving in their perfected affections—still active in their endearments in the angelic condition?

As the Lord of heaven and earth appoints these afflictive dispensations in wise consideration, doubtless, towards them who are removed, and in goodness and mercy towards those who mourn the bereavement;—as he designs such afflictions in mercy, personally, for the sanctifica-

tion of the bereaved—correlatively, for the greater usefulness of believers—and, to ministers of the Gospel, for ministerial fitness, and for the people's benefit, so "that we may be able to comfort them which are in any trouble, by the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God;" —let the Reader put up a prayer for the writer of this memorial, that the beneficent designs of our heavenly Father, in the now-recorded dispensation, may, in every respect, be accomplished—in him, for him, and by him—and that thoroughly, completely, and for eternity!

A peculiar state of feeling was elicited, on this occasion, by the contemplation of external nature, when, during the day of mourning, the sun broke forth from the clouds, the aspect of everything without became bright and animated, and the birds of the air were heard to put forth their varied expressions of sympathy with nature's cheerfulness in lively songs. In all this there was felt to be something incongruous with the poetry of sorrow. The glorious orb of day was, in unusual splendour for the season, performing its office of beneficence to this earth, as it was wont; the general occupations of men were going on as usual; the world was gay, indifferent, thoughtless, as at other times; everything around seemed anima-

ted, active, and happy: but all was out of keeping with the deep solemnity and tears of the mourning parent. These lessons, however, might be learnt from the condition of feeling thus strongly developed,—that affection, sympathy and consolation, in time of deep affliction or suffering, are not in the outward world; that the world, contemplated even in its innocency and beauties, has neither responsiveness nor supportance for mental woe; and, hence, that the mourner, if he would realize an useful or sustaining sympathy, must look above the things of nature to Him who hath the head-springs of consolation—'the oil of joy for mourning, and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness.'

And in this contemplation we find everything consistent, consoling, elevating. In the case before the reader, the Lord's tender mercy was signally evinced; whilst, in the exercises of religion, were realized, the expected supports. The Scriptures then had their peculiar fitness—and particular texts their previously unapprehended force and adaptation. And never do I remember to have found the admirable Liturgy of our Church more impressively full and devotional than we felt it to be, when, on the first Lord's-day after our painful bereavement, myself and wife went through the Morning Service in our private chamber. Not only did the Lessons

for the day seem as if they had been selected for the occasion; but many of the petitions in the Liturgy so came home to our feelings, that they appeared as if altogether new, and one might have thought that they had been arranged especially for our personal state and consolation!

A brief word only is needful, as to the disposal of the mortal remains of the dear departed-one. On Saturday the 3rd of January, 1835, the once-loved and endeared form was deposited in a vault in the Church-yard of St. Mary's Clist, beneath the accordant shade of a fine spreading yew-tree—the sublime service for the occasion being solemnly and impressively performed by a truly sympathizing friend, the pious, laborious, and devoted minister of the parish.

Though I have spoken of the world, in itself, as being incapable of yielding effective consolation to the real mourner—of external nature as having no power to sympathise with us—and of the mass of mankind as feeling no real interest in ordinary and personal woes,—yet it would be misanthropic and unjust either to deny or to underrate the sweet consolations, which affectionate Christian sympathy is capable of yielding to those in affliction.

One expression of sympathy and affection, peculiarly grateful to the feelings of the author,

arose out of the dispensation of Providence now recorded; so that, though allusion has already been made to it, he has much satisfaction in recurring to it here.—Some of the younger Members of the congregation of Bedford Chapel, it appears, had observed the lamented youth at their public Catechetical exercises, and had noticed his having occasionally united with them in answering the questions of their minister. This circumstance seems to have induced a kindly feeling towards him, and to have given rise to the proposition among themselves, of perpetuating his memory by an appropriate cenotaph. And this was accomplished, in a manner equally creditable to themselves, and suitable for the object, by the erection of a marble tablet, in Bedford Chapel, bearing this inscription :—

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF
FREDERICK RICHARD HOLLOWAY SCORESBY,
SON OF THE REV. W. SCORESBY, B.D., MINISTER OF THIS CHAPEL,
WHO, DISTINGUISHED FOR SIMPLICITY OF FAITH,
AND DUTIFULNESS OF CONDUCT,
FELL ASLEEP IN JESUS, DEC. 31st, 1834, AGED 16 YEARS:
HIS REMAINS ARE INTERRED IN A VAULT AT ST. MARY'S CLIST.
THIS TABLET,
AS A GRATEFUL AND AFFECTIONATE TESTIMONY TO THEIR PASTOR,
FOR HIS UNREMITTING EXERTIONS TO PROMOTE THEIR BEST INTERESTS,
WAS ERECTED BY
THE YOUNGER MEMBERS OF HIS CONGREGATION.

"What is your life? It is even a vapour, that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away."

Chapter VIII.

FREDERICK'S CHARACTER, HABITS, AND ACQUIREMENTS,—WITH CONCLUDING REFLECTIONS.

Though much griev'd corruptions our comfort may mar,
And nat'ral affections outrun;
Yet these *felt* should cheer in the spiritual war,
For these mark the conflict begun.

The absence of grace, do we painfully trace?
And deep, gloomy darkness, as night?
The felt *want* of grace is incipient grace;
Perception of darkness, is light!

Why, why, O my soul, then, art thou so cast down?
So disquieted in me, why?
Confide thou in Him who would make thee his own;
On God—on thy Saviour—rely!

Faithful biography requires an undisguised exhibition of the two sides of a character; and religious biography, more especially demands, on the principle of the sacred writings, that defects and failures, as well as graces and virtues, should be fairly represented. Greatly and justly endeared, therefore, as the subject of this memorial was to his bereaved parent, he would still desire to give a faithful record concerning him. Affection

tends to be partial; but it is unwise to permit it to blind.

His principal fault of character, of a moral influence, was his natural temper, which, as has already been stated, was quick, liable to irritation or passion, and never so prevalently subdued as could have been desired. It was liable to overcome him, when particularly teased by older or more robust companions; and, not unfrequently, irritation would be excited by repeated failures in endeavouring to overcome the difficulties of a lesson. But whilst these exhibitions of natural temper were the source of much regret with his parents, and of grief to himself—they certainly were not suffered to arise or advance, as we often had the opportunity of ascertaining, without many strivings and many prayers, on his part, both occasional and premeditated, against them. He was so well aware of his infirmity, that, however the irritation of the moment might stimulate carnal nature to unseemly or unlovely behaviour, and thus become the occasion of parental rebukes or even chastisement—he never, that I remember, rebelled against the rebukes or resented the chastisement. He was wont, as we frequently had the satisfaction of discovering, to resist the risings of passion; he ascribed the stimulus which he felt to the power of temptation, and used often to put forth the ejaculatory petition—

"the Lord rebuke thee, Satan"! However, therefore, he might complain of the conduct of individuals by whom he had been maltreated or provoked—he did not attempt to justify the indulgence of tempers which he was both free to acknowledge, as his blame, and anxious, evidently, to wrestle against; and, however he might be excited, either by accident or premeditated vexation, he was never sullen, nor revengeful.—In regard to his temper, indeed, I ought not, perhaps, to neglect to mention the impression which others, besides myself, entertained concerning it,—that it was in no small measure occasioned by his state of health whilst a child—operating in the character of a disease, of which nervous irritability was one of its effects. And this effect was the more readily developed from its accordance with his natural constitution.—Yet, it was observable, that the failures in temper to which, in his ordinary state of health, he was liable—were rarely, if ever, exhibited when he was suffering under decided sickness or affliction. He felt disease or suffering to be the immediate hand of God: he spoke of it as such, and was affectingly submissive, subdued, and humble under it.

Whilst the existence and continuance of this fault of temper indicated how much required still to be done in his heart for the exhibition of the

full triumph of religion; yet such manifestations of unsubdued nature, when so lamented and resisted, must not be received as evidence of the total want of grace. For the extent of the work of grace is not to be estimated so much *by what remains to be done, as by what has been accomplished;* not so much by what yet *appears*, as by what has been *overcome*. A very small measure of the operation of godliness may appear truly lovely in dispositions or characters who have had little, comparatively, to contend with; whilst a far more considerable progress, in real improvement, may have been made in others, whose apparent condition is yet very, very defective.—For an individual the most amiable and gentle, apparently, of a whole multitude, may be totally devoid of personal godliness; whilst another who is sometimes borne away by an irritable temperament into ungentle behaviour, may be one in whose heart a saving work of grace has been begun. And it will require—if we would exercise a right and charitable judgment concerning our fellow-Christian, in regard to infirmities which may appear—that we should enter into his secret and humiliating feelings, when he departs from the scene of his disturbance: it will require that we should know something of the struggles that have been made, as well as of the measure of the irritating feeling which has been overcome:

it will require that we follow the individual into the privacy of the closet, and hear his laments before a throne of grace there,—before we can reasonably judge of the reality of the Spirit's work in that man's heart, or duly estimate what the Spirit has wrought therein!

These observations are now put forth, not for the palliating of our own sinfulness, or for the lessening of our abhorrence of that which is evil, but as suggestions for our guidance, in forming an estimate of the character of others. And here would the Author take occasion to remind the reader, that not only may there be many remains of natural infirmities in those who are truly children of God; but that we ourselves, if we know ourselves, will find these very remains within,—yea often existing in depressing measure and power, greatly marring our peace, and hindering our progress heavenward. And considering how partial self-love is prone to make us, as to ourselves, and how lenient to our own failings,—we should be studiously charitable to the infirmities of others. For, it should be remembered, that we all are liable to be the most tolerant of such infirmities as are natural to ourselves; and the most intolerant of the infirmities, though, peradventure, less evil than our own, to which we ourselves are not by constitution liable. So that the truth involved in a striking remon-

strance of our Lord, has ever been manifest among mankind—that the *mote* in our brother's eye is usually more visible to us than the *beam* in our own eye!

Hence, from all that has been observed, we may conclude, I think, that the rule is truth—that the measure or reality of grace is the rather to be estimated by what has been overcome, than by what appears. Testing, now, the subject of this memoir by this moral and philosophic rule—a rule which Scripture biography abundantly verifies—there will be no reason to question, notwithstanding still remaining defects of temper, that a real work of grace had long been going on in his heart. Of the strivings of the Spirit within him, and of the success of the Spirit's influences in the controuling of nature, or in the resisting of outward temptations,—we have already seen many interesting examples; and could we be aware of the nature and energy of the efforts made in secret, to overcome his felt defects, we should, doubtless, have very many more. Besides,—his fear of the Lord, as evinced in his life and conversation—his steadfast faith in revelation, as indicated by his serious regard for the threatenings and promises of God—his love for the name of the Saviour—his promptness to avail himself of opportunities of receiving religious information and instruction

both at public meetings, and in the sanctuary—with his general habits of prayer, meditation, and searching the Scriptures,— surely manifest the decided work of Divine grace, and yield characteristics only to be found in the children of God.

He manifested many tokens of love to Christ, among which, his interest in books treating of His life or doctrine, and the pleasure he evinced in conversations concerning Him, were striking. Hence, he would frequently occupy himself in reading, not books of mere incident or adventure, only, though these had naturally their share of attraction, but publications of the most grave and solemn character, such as dissertations on subjects of Christian experience, or treatises on the doctrines of the Gospel, and on the great mystery of godliness, "God, manifested in the flesh." On one occasion, I remember his having read daily, of his own accord, the Scripture portions of the Church appointed for Passion-week; as also his having endeavoured to improve that solemn season by the perusal of a digested narrative of the Saviour's sufferings, with pious and practical reflections thereon, designed for that purpose. As illustrative of the same spiritual taste, it may be mentioned, that, when he embarked on his last sad adventure *to school,* he selected, unknown to me, and

carried with him, several of his most pious and devotional books—most of them the gifts of Christian friends; whilst his little text-book, already mentioned, was constantly kept in his pocket, and from this h e frequently read out to us, when at home, the portion for the da.

Besides these evidences of the operation of real godliness,—the foregoing records afford very many others; and among the most repeatedly marked will be observed his fear of God—his anxious and prevalent desire for conversion—with his frequent strugglings after the Christian life. His profession of faith was, in different instances, put to a severe test, especially when he was at school; and his being able to stand under such circumstances evinced the manifest power of Divine grace. Even in his failures there, we find most decisive indications of the wrestling and energy of the same power.

The deafness, oppression, and fever, under which he laboured in his last disease, together with the hopes we were led to entertain of his ultimate restoration, till the sudden change which took place on the Sunday before his death, and the occurrence thereon of a measure of delirium,—were all circumstances conspiring to deprive us of the satisfaction that might probably have been derived, had we been enabled more explicitly to apprise him of the mortal

issue that threatened him. Blessed be God, however, we had more decided evidence on which to ground our hopes concerning him, than the mere eliciting of views and feelings in the immediate prospect of death; for the tenor of the Christian's life, and the influence of religion in time of health and safety, are always better and more satisfactory evidences of a gracious condition, than the mere circumstances of a death-bed.

Nor was there, in his want of a *decided assurance*, any cause of misgiving as to the state of his heart. This deficiency was probably in part occasioned by the caution I had ever observed, lest I should give him *too much* encouragement, whilst the effects of regeneration were not yet fully carried out to the subduing of his natural infirmities and defects,—a caution, moreover, which I was the more inclined to adopt, from the fear of exciting the feeling of spiritual pride, so injurious to the Christian, and so greatly to be deprecated. Could the early departure of the dear youth have been foreseen, I might possibly have been induced to have dealt with him somewhat differently, especially in his latter days; and some of the readers of this memorial may perhaps feel disposed to regret, if not to object, that Frederick had not been more encouraged to seek after Christian *joy*,

rather than to abide in godly fear. But I am far from imagining that he suffered eventual loss. He feared God greatly; he trembled at his word; and the Scriptures testify—"blessed is the man that feareth the Lord"; and "to this man will I look, saith the Lord, even to him that is poor and of a contrite spirit, and *trembleth* at my word." And in the case under consideration, as well as in many others, the result of this fear I believe was—the producing of a more solid and efficient work of religion; whereas a different course might have had the effect of healing the wound of a sinful nature slightly. Were, indeed, the sting of sin but a local poison, like that of the bite of the tarantula, the healing might be effected by the music and dancing of a stimulated joy; but if it be a poison extending throughout the moral nature, the remedy, to be effective, must be severer in character, and correspondently penetrative. Therefore, adopting with humility the conclusion of St. Paul, I may say—"I do not repent, though I did repent"; and, after his manner, I would add, respecting the result of this fear—'what carefulness it wrought in him, yea, what vehement desire' for loftier attainments!

Having stated faithfully and fully Frederick's defect of temper,—perhaps, from my anxiety to be a faithful biographer, I may have given it a too prominent place in one in whom there

were such predominant graces, that many persons who knew him very intimately were not aware of this defect,—it is but just to remark that his character, in most other respects, was interesting and estimable—frank and confiding. And such was the ample predominance of his more lovely characteristics, that, wherever he was resident, he generally made himself friends among those the best able to appreciate real excellencies.

He was *truthful* in a very striking degree,—so that if he desired not to speak on any subject which might implicate others, he would endeavour, if questioned concerning it, to avoid the enquiry by a *persevering silence;* but as to himself, or his own faults, he was generally ready to confess them, very often voluntarily; and, from the practice of equivocation, or artful concealment, he was signally free. He had, indeed, a beautiful innocency and simplicity of mind. Though brought into communication at school with boys of various grades of character, and with some of very sinful habits, he neither acquired their habits, nor seemed to receive the pollution of their ungodly or profane conversation.

This want of conformity with the habits of many of those around him, induced in some, who had opportunity of observing him, a very false, but not unusual, impression as to his character. *Not understanding* his motives and feelings, his

youthful schoolfellows regarded him—just as many of the grown men of the world regard any person of more religion and of higher principles than themselves—with suspicion; ascribing the difference of sentiment and behaviour observable betwixt him and themselves, to hypocrisy. Hence, on many different occasions, he was subjected to persecution on this account; the boys with whom he was thrown into contact reviling him, and calling him "hypocrite." On mentioning this to me, which he more than once did, —not in the way of complaint, but under an impression of anxiety,—he intimated, that, because he knew himself to be so different from what he ought to be, and because he might seem better to others than he really was, he feared, perhaps, he was a hypocrite! This apprehension, I endeavoured to render available for urging him to a more correct walk and conversation in all things;—at the same time pointing out to him the essential characteristics of the hypocrite,—as *pretending* to be actuated by religious feelings which he was ignorant of, or might be averse from, or to a morality of conduct which he had neither attained to, nor desired to practise.

When charged with hypocrisy by his schoolfellows, or others, or teazed or persecuted by them on account of his views or profession of religion,—he was made more cautious and re-

served in his conduct and conversation in their presence; but never seemed to receive any impression as to there being a possibility of error in the religious views he entertained, or a shadow of doubt of the truth of those Scriptures on which his faith was dependent. His faith, indeed, was apparently unvarying. He always seemed to have the same confiding belief in 'the one true God, and Jesus Christ whom he hath sent', as he had implicit trust in, and reliance upon, me.

His confidence in the Bible, as God's truth, appeared to be unfeigned, unquestioning, and unlimited. He not only read the Bible with much regularity and care, but searched the Scriptures diligently. He examined the parallel passages, by means of the marginal references, and often discovered for himself the meaning of very difficult figures, such as, if only attended to as standing alone, could scarcely have been intelligible. Hence, when we were reading the Scriptures in the family, he would often turn up parallel and significant passages, strikingly illustrative of the subject. He never was observed to deal irreverently or captiously with the Word of God, nor to cavil at any of its difficulties, nor to attempt to soften its threatenings, nor to strive, for his own easier walk, to divert it from its strictest interpretation as a rule of life. Besides *thus* dealing with the Scriptures, he had a pre-

valent and valuable habit of applying them for edification. He received their testimony, as to himself, most unreservedly. He knew, felt, and was free to confess, that he was a sinner; by nature, under the curse of condemnation; by practice, justly deserving the wrath of God. As to the method of deliverance from the curse of the law, he knew only that of justification by faith in the atonement of our Lord Jesus Christ; and as to the method of relief from the corruption of a degenerate nature, he received most cordially and fully the Scripture doctrine of "the washing of regeneration and renewing of the Holy Ghost."

It was frequently matter of regret to me, in regard to the dear boy, to find, that he had not a love for school-work. Not that he was negligent of his obligations therein, nor regardless of the consequences of a deficient education—for he was often known to pray against his aversion to labour, as well as to supplicate Divine aid for overcoming his difficulties;—but that he pursued his object, generally, more as a task and duty, than from desire for the acquirements to which he was directed. Two circumstances apparently concurred in inducing this deficiency;—the want of early discipline, when the vital energy of his delicate childhood was designedly left uncontrouled, that it might run into strength, by which the mind obtained a habit of unrestraint;

and his naturally defective verbal memory, which rendered the acquirement of languages, with him, unusually difficult.

But whilst, in this respect, he was behind many boys of his age,—he was not so backward, or so deficient, as to occasion any real ground of apprehension of his being able to realise all the necessary acquirements for that profession—the sacred Ministry—to which he anxiously aspired. For though somewhat below the average attainments of the educated youth of his years in mere school-learning; it is sufficiently obvious, from the foregoing records, that he was by no means behind his fellows, either in scriptural attainments, or in mental cultivation. This, on the contrary, was his decided privilege and advantage—to have *more* than made up for any deficiency in ordinary acquirements, by his decided superiority in true and valuable *wisdom*.

Herein, indeed, was the goodness of an all-wise Providence manifested, in having inclined him to pursue after those more essential things, which were available for eternity, when, in consideration of his early removal hence, the attainment of mere worldly knowledge, however valuable generally, would, to him, have been of no avail. His mind, as may be seen, had from a child been directed to the *most important* objects —*on these* all his mental energies had been

spent—and in the pursuit thereof he was abundantly prospered and blessed.

The position to which he had been privileged to attain in the acquirement of true wisdom, gave to his conversation, on occasions when the results of any previous reflections were happily drawn out, a peculiar interest. In certain cases, indeed, when, with confiding reliance on the affectionate consideration of the person to whom he addressed himself, he was led to communicate the feelings and experiences of his heart,—there was sometimes evinced such lovely frankness, such guileless simplicity, such beautiful innocency of mind, as well as judiciousness of observation, and extent of Christian experience, as to produce in his conversation, not a mere interest, but I might say, perhaps, without any exaggeration from parental partiality, a singular charm.

One very striking characteristic of Frederick's habit of mind—the prompt and happy manner of his application of the religious truths or principles with which his memory was so well stored—has already appeared, in different incidents recorded of him, in the foregoing Memorial. And it was generally observable, that the knowledge which, from time to time, he acquired from books, and the suggestions or admonitions, the practices or duties, which he heard commended from the platform, or urged from the

pulpit,—he was in the habit of applying, not merely in accordance with their original designs, but, as association might draw them out, to other cases in which, by fair and judicious analogy, they were found to be fitting and appropriate.

The *filial affection* of the subject of this Memorial has been repeatedly noticed; yet to this part of his character the bereaved Father loves to return, both because the remembrance of it is sweet, and because of the influence of this feeling on his dutifulness of conduct. For so prominent and undisguised was his affection, that it was constantly appearing, not only in various indescribable endearments, but in actions, offers of service, and expressions of pleasure in being permitted to be useful. Unless he had any particular object before him, it was generally sufficient to satisfy, if not to interest him, his being present with me, or suffered to accompany me in my walks, either for recreation, or for ministerial visitation from house to house. And, however I might be engaged by the way—though in conversations altogether devoid of interest to him personally—he never appeared to think the time tedious. His happiness, it was, as I have more than once already intimated, to be with me! Surely, both the reader and writer may herein learn a lesson as to what is befitting in our feel-

ings towards our Father in heaven. For if an affectionate and right-minded child can find pleasure in the mere circumstance of being present with an earthly parent, in whom there is so much imperfection,—how much more should the true and loving Child of God have his highest happiness in the realized presence of his heavenly Father—or in merely being in such place as faith tells him the all-gracious Redeemer specially is—or in being engaged in meditations in which faith enables him to behold His glory!

If I had an umbrella, or book, or parcel with me, he would always request to carry it for me, —evincing the joy of his heart by jumping about me and grasping my hand. So that the casual observer might notice his feeling of exhilaration; and his friends, whom he occasionally visited alone, could not but remark his filial reverence and affection, as strongly exhibited in his conversation. It was his prevalent delight to be employed by me, so that it was almost a constant practice with him in his holidays, or other occasional leisure, to run into my room, before he went forth for his own recreation, and ask,—"Can I do anything for you, Papa"?

In regard to the *dutifulness of conduct* in the subject of the Memorial, it might seem to be mere repetition, after all that has been stated in

the preceding pages, now to enlarge. But the excellence and importance of this characteristic may justify some further reference to it. And, summarily, it may be observed, that his sense of duty and his feeling of affection were so happily combined, as to afford the most pleasing and frequently renewed evidences of his right-mindedness as a son. His dutifulness and filial confidence, indeed, were evinced in a thousand different ways, and, very strikingly so, in things which affected his own gratification or self-indulgence. Hence, with respect to the child-like enjoyment of the eating of any delicacies whereof he might be fond—indulgence in which, from the weakness of his digestion, was liable to inconvenience or disorder the system—he was always ready to abstain on the slightest expression of disapprobation on my part; so that a mere glance of the eye, which he perfectly understood, was generally sufficient to induce him to forego any gratification of appetite whatever, even in its most-loved indulgence!

All this, it should be observed, was the result, not of mere warmth of affection, urging spontaneously to dutifulness of conduct, but of affection animated by confiding dependence, directed by Scriptural principles, and consolidated by Christian consideration. To the correctness of *this statement*, besides what appears in the fore-

going Memorial, the Bible of the beloved youth bears singular testimony. In the Book of Proverbs, for example—which he was fond of studying for the plainness and comprehensiveness of its precepts—I found, just as this chapter was preparing for the press, the following, among other passages, particularly marked, some in the margin, and, where here printed in italics, scored underneath :—

" *The fear of the Lord is the beginning of knowledge ;* but fools despise wisdom and instruction. *My son, hear the instruction of thy Father, and forsake not the law of thy Mother* " : " bind them continually upon thine heart, and tie them about thy neck. When thou goest, it shall lead thee ; when thou sleepest, it shall keep thee ; and when thou wakest, it shall talk with thee." " The rod and reproof give wisdom ; but a child left to himself bringeth his mother to shame." " Correct thy son, and he shall give thee rest ; yea, he shall give delight unto thy soul." " Withhold not correction from the child ; for if thou beatest him with the rod he shall not die. Foolishness is bound in the heart of a child ; but the rod of correction shall drive it far from him." " The eye that mocketh at his Father, and despiseth to obey his Mother, the ravens of the valley shall pick it out, and the young eagles shall eat it."

The following passages, marked in the same book, are very characteristic of Frederick's principles and feelings :—

"My son, *despise not the chastening of the Lord; neither be weary of his correction:* for whom the Lord loveth he correcteth; even as a father the son in whom he delighteth." "I love them that love me; and those that seek me early shall find me." "My son, give me thine heart, and let thine eyes observe my ways." "He that covereth his sins shall not prosper; but whoso confesseth and *forsaketh* them shall have mercy." "Happy is the man that *feareth alway.*" "Answer not a fool according to his folly, lest thou also be like unto him." "Seest thou a man that is hasty in his words? there is more hope of a fool than of him." "An angry man stirreth up strife, and a furious man aboundeth in transgression." "Make no friendship with an angry man; and with a furious man thou shalt not go." *

Whilst now the Author returns again to this beautiful characteristic of the subject of this Memorial, in order to show its striking prevalence and excellence,—he would take occasion to commend the imitation of it to others. And he

* These additional passages I find also marked;—Proverbs i. 10; iii. 5—9; iv. 7, 18, 23; vi. 6, 16—19; viii. 13; ix. 10; xxii. 4; xxiii. 2; xxvi. 12; xxviii. 9; xxix. 1, 11, 25; xxx. 8, 9, 25—31. *Ecclesiastes* vii. 6, 9.

would earnestly call upon the *youthful* reader, especially, for a moment's serious consideration of the question,—Whether this important reverence and duty to his or her parents be so held and practised? Remember,—"honour thy Father and Mother, which is the first commandment with promise," is a command in which daily experience verifies the faithfulness of the promise. And beware of the too prevalent neglect of this duty among young persons, in the present day, and even among those making a profession of religion, by which a grievous injury is done to their own souls, and unjustifiable censure brought upon the principles of the Gospel. The *manner* in which this duty is observed among the more conscientious members of the Jewish body, is a rebuke and reproach to the practice of many Christian children. To hold to Christ, indeed, *more* than to any worldly relative, is a paramount obligation; but to hold *lightly* by parental authority, or to disobey the parental command, without the *clearest necessity*, is at once a violation of the claims of nature, and of the divine injunctions. If an *ungodly* father would constrain the Christian child to follow distinctly ungodly practices; or if an *ungodly* mother would prevent her pious offspring following Christ,—then must the authority of father and mother be held so inferior, as to

evince that these earthly relatives are *loved less* than Christ, in order that the conscientious child may be meet to be Christ's disciple.* But if a *godly* parent would either constrain or prevent, in anything of which the child may have scruple or doubt—let the child solemnly consider the *necessity* and *ground* of resistance before he or she ventures to resist, lest, in resisting the parent, the ordinance of God be violated: for the apostolical injunction is plain and unqualified—"Children, obey your parents *in the Lord;* for this is right": and again,—"Children, obey your parents *in all things;* for this is well-pleasing unto the Lord†." Now here it is evident that the Apostle enjoins obedience to parents, *generally*, as a high and paramount duty—for it is subject only to our still higher duty to God; and that he moreover commands an *unqualified obedience to parents in the Lord*, considering that these, being personally members of Christ, partakers of His grace, illumination, and Spirit, cannot, as such, command any duty *essentially* averse from the Divine commands! Hence, though an exception *may* be possible, the rule, as to the obligation and duty of children, is general and decided: and so unqualified is the

* That the hating of father and mother, &c. implies loving them *less* than Christ is sufficiently manifest from a comparison of Matt. *x. 37 with* Luke xiv. 26.

† *Eph. vi. 1*: Colos. iii. 20.

apostolic rule as to the obedience due to "parents in the Lord," that in cases of uncertainty in the mind of a child, it will generally be found the *safest* course to yield to parental authority; for the risk is, that he, who doubteth and resisteth the authority, will stand condemned.

Intimately connected with Frederick's filial affection, and reverence for parental authority, was his *confiding dependence* on parental guidance.—This characteristic, it has been seen, was strikingly and beautifully exhibited in the last days of anxiety and suffering of the lamented youth.—Whilst he cast himself unhesitatingly upon me for direction in all things—submitting his judgment to my judgment, and even referring his opinion of his own state and feelings to me for decision,—it was evident that he was influenced in this, not only by a confident assurance that I should neither recommend, nor do, anything towards him, otherwise than what was right and best to be done; but by the urgent operation of this principle of duty—that it was *right* in him to submit to whatever I, or his Mamma, required.

It was deeply interesting and affecting to contemplate the amplitude of manner in which this lovely characteristic of Frederick was carried out. To observe him, in his heavy and mortal sickness, receiving everything administered to him without *hesitating* or questioning; to see him at all

times in his sickness, up to the very hour of death, opening his mouth for his potion, though in anticipation of the bitterest draught; to find him submitting to irksome or painful discipline with the most undoubting confidence,—and, whilst nature, under suffering, was constrained into pathetic moanings, kissing the hand in affection by which additional pain, for the time, was induced;—presented altogether, to my mind, one of the most powerful and impressive lessons, on the conduct and feeling becoming the professors of religion towards their heavenly Father, which I ever before apprehended.—And it may be safely asserted, I doubt not, that whosoever shall find grace, so to exercise faith and submission and dependence towards his heavenly Father, as did this dear youth towards his parent after the flesh, will be privileged to realize a very high measure of attainment of 'the mind that was also in Christ Jesus.' May the lesson herein so impressively taught, be duly received and applied both by the writer and by those who read this memorial, to our spiritual advancement, and to the glory of God; and may we all learn, with a profitable impression, something of the force of that saying of our Lord, wherein he taught—"except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of *heaven*"!

The only additional particular in Frederick's

character, which occurs to me as being important or useful to be noticed, was his *prudence* or *carefulness*: and this was evinced in two prominent respects—as to any little property of his own, and also as to his personal safety.

Of his books, and other little matters of personal property, he was particularly careful,—generally depositing the former in an orderly manner on his book-shelves, and keeping them constantly protected by neat paper covers, which, from time to time, he was accustomed to renew; and preserving them from the risk of having the leaves turned down by the reader, by placing book-marks—derived from a store of bits of ribbon collected for the purpose—in the volumes more immediately in use.

His clothes he kept with equal care; and his pocket-money was generally employed with some measure of prudence, and when at school, husbanded with a considerate regard to the length of the period for which it was designed to serve. Thus after his last melancholy sojourn from home, a very small remnant of the money allowed him for occasional use was found in his purse, together with a sovereign, with which a kind relative had some time before presented him;—the sovereign having been designed by Frederick as a contribution towards a watch, he not knowing that his Mamma had actually commissioned me *to purchase* for him a monitor of time, just

alas! when the edict of Heaven had gone forth, that, to him, dear child, '*time* should be no more'!

With all this carefulness of things belonging to him, he was far from being covetous. His carefulness was, in fact, but commendable prudence; for on occasions when there was any special call for his generosity, he was not only found willing to give a portion of what he had, but, what was more, *to exercise self-denial*, in order that he might be enabled to do so.

A similar praiseworthy characteristic was found to be associated with his watchful regard for his personal safety. The admonitions laid upon him, when, as a child, he was exposed to danger in traversing the streets of a busy town alone, he well regarded,—so that he not only exercised an unwonted measure of prudence, for his age, but marked the occasions in which he might have had any narrow escape from injury, giving God thanks for his Providential preservation. But though self-preservation was so considerately attended to, and although he evinced something of timidity of character rather than physical boldness,—yet these characteristics were beautifully and strikingly modified, and apparently inverted, when the moral principle was called into exercise: for his moral courage, animated by the realization of the presence and fear of *God*, was at once prevalent and decided.

The superiority of moral, over physical, cour-

age, so wisely put by Rammohun Roy, in the conversation recorded in the fourth chapter of this Memorial,—is well worthy of the serious consideration of professing Christians. For how many there are amongst us who shrink, through the influence of a false shame, from openly ranking themselves on the Lord's side, or from even acknowledging their principles, when religion, in its real spirituality, is assailed by the men of the world! How many are heroes in the conflict and strife of the world; but more feeble and timid than children in the warfare of religion! A very moderate scrutiny of the conduct of mankind, will be sufficient to verify this. It will show us, that the mass of men, who call themselves Christians, are anything but *Christian warriors*. For many will be found whose *physical* courage is such, as to make them bold enough to sin in the face of the world; ready to brave all the terrors of the Lord, so awfully set forth in that Revelation in which they profess to believe; forward to meet, with unshrinking brow, the fierceness of the battle, when the deadly shot are flying like the hailstones upon the enemies of Israel before Gibeon,—whose *moral* courage is yet so low, that they will be seen meanly shrinking from the most contemptible attacks of persecution, and fleeing, as despicable cowards, before the bloodless arrows of ridicule!

In this respect, however, the subject of this Memorial, as various incidents in the preceding pages may serve to prove, evinced a decided superiority over the ordinary character of mankind. For, in moral firmness, decision, and boldness, he was so far different from what is wont to be seen in the world at large, that, on various occasions, when his principles were put to the test, he was found to evince the possession, in its most beautiful and commendable aspect, of *true courage!*

Such, then, in his various characteristics—in his weaknesses as well as in his excellencies—in his infirmities as well as in his graces—was the fondly-loved youth, whose Memorial it has been the endeavour of the Author faithfully to set forth. Let that which was defective in him, serve, at once, as a support against discouragement to those who feel and lament the same things in themselves, and as a beacon for calling an admonitory attention to their own infirmity: let his anxiety for spiritual attainments, and his fervent strivings against natural corruptions and prevalent deficiencies, serve to enforce this admonition on the reader—"Go, thou, and do likewise": and let the remembrance of all that was lovely, commendable, spiritual and pious in him, be applied, by Divine grace, for the reader's personal edifi-

cation,—whilst we ascribe the praise and the glory of all that was good, not to any inherent virtue in the child whom we admire, nor to any power or merit in those who might have taught or counselled him; but to God our Saviour, "who worketh all in all"! And, let it be ever remembered, that God, as revealed and reconciled to us in Christ Jesus, is tenderly merciful and exceedingly gracious to them that fear Him. "He looketh upon men," as we read in the 33rd chapter of Job, "and if any say, I have sinned, and perverted that which was right, and it profited me not; He will deliver his soul from going into the pit, and his life shall see the light: Lo, all these things worketh God oftentimes with man, to bring back his soul from the pit, to be enlightened with the light of the living"!

A recent visit from my old and faithful servant, has supplied me with some little characteristic incidents respecting the subject of this memorial, of which I was not previously aware.—To those readers who may have followed the foregoing records with any moderate measure of interest, these additional particulars will not, perhaps, be unacceptable.

On one occasion, whilst he was but a little

child (being yet in frocks), his nurse had been carrying him up and down in the room, on account of his being unwell and in pain, when she sat down for a few moments in a chair, resting the child on a contiguous table. Whilst thus situated, he began in an endearing manner to stroke her cheek with his little hand, and addressed her to this effect;—"Betty, if I die"—for he felt his health was different from that of other children, and had frequently heard fears expressed concerning him,—"will you promise me that you will say your prayers every day"? Betty, struck by the request, readily assured him that she would. He then enforced the injunction, adding;—"*be sure* you say your prayers every day, or else, when I go to heaven, I sha'n't see *you* there!"

In his private prayers, even as an infant, there was a singular measure of discernment and adaptation. Frequently he mentioned to his nurse—with peculiar simplicity and freedom from any idea of ostentation—what the subject of his prayers had been. On one occasion, after praying for, what he considered, the most needful graces for himself, he had been supplicating blessings for his brother. In alluding to this, he expressed his anxious desire that he might be enabled to love his brother more; and, whilst dwelling upon his deficiency in fraternal feeling, he anxiously and lamentingly remarked,—that 'if he loved his brother so little

whom he had seen, how could he love Christ whom he had not seen?'

Of Frederick's scrupulous attention to injunctions laid upon him, I have already given different examples: besides these, however, the following, among others of a similar nature, has been related to me.

At one period, during my absence from home, when my informant had the entire charge of the child, it happened that she had occasion to leave him in the sitting-room, whilst she went on some business out of doors,—committing him, meanwhile, to the care of an uncle of his, who was just then residing in the house, and who agreed to look after him. But he, wishing to go into town before he was duly released from his charge, placed Frederick upon a sofa, requesting his promise that he would not leave it till he himself returned. When the nurse came in, she was surprised to find the child so seated and alone: after having learnt the cause, she desired him to come with her and take his tea. He, however, remembering his promise to remain till his uncle returned—though it was now ascertained that he had gone to spend the evening with some friends—could not, till after much persuasion, be convinced, that he was now released from his promise, because of the occasion for which it was exacted having ceased;—and for some time he

anxiously stood out against the assurance that he could be justified in leaving his place whilst his uncle continued absent!

To Frederick's fondness for devotional poetry, repeated reference has already been made. It has also been mentioned, that, when but a little tottering child, he learnt, of his own accord, a considerable variety of hymns and other metrical compositions. One of these, a really devotional and comprehensive hymn, was such a decided favourite with him, and was committed to memory at so early an age, that—having the broad-sheet from whence he learnt it, now before me—I am induced, after venturing on a few verbal alterations, to give it a place here. It is entitled,—

FIFTY-SIX *WANTS* OF THE CHILDREN OF ZION.
ALL SUPPLIED FROM THE FOUNTAIN-HEAD.

I WANT to feed on Jesu's word,
I want communion with my Lord:
I want salvation full and free,
I want my Father's face to see.

I want to prove each promise sweet,
I want to live at Jesu's feet:
I want his mercy every day,
I want upholding all the way.

I want to live as Jesu's bride,
I want in him from wrath to hide:
I want to prize his fulness more,
I want his person to adore.

I want to hear his heavenly voice,
I want in Jesus to rejoice:
I want to joy in him by faith,
I want to credit all he saith.

I want on his dear name to call,
I want to trust him with my all:
I want to live in loving-fear,
I want to die to all things here.

I want to see his Gospel spread,
I want on Satan's power to tread:
I want to be, when proud, made sad,
I want, when mourning, to be glad.

I want to hunger and be fed,
I want by Jesus to be led:
I want him as my guide and friend,
I want him to my journey's end.

I want him as my priest and king,
I want his precious love to sing:
I want him as my rock and tower,
I want him in each trying hour.

I want him as my brother dear,
I want to feel him always near:
I want him reigning in my heart,
I want with all for him to part.

I want him as my husband kind,
I want in him my all to find:
I want him as my daily bread,
I want him as my living head.

I want him as my hiding-place,
I want him as my God of grace:
I want him as my life and peace,
I want him as my righteousness.

I want to feel th' atoning flood,
I want to bathe in Jesu's blood:
I want his Spirit's voice to hear,
I want the love that casts out fear.

I want him now in Achor's vale,
I want him when all hell assail:
I want him when my flesh gives way,
I want him as my only stay.

I want his smiles, his looks of grace,
I want to see him face to face:
I want his wisdom, strength, and love,
I want to dwell with him above.

The blessings here by me implor'd,
Are all in Jesus richly stor'd;
Yea, thousands more than here exprest,
Are found in him, my heavenly rest!

Count all the stars that shine by night,
Count all the sun's bright rays of light;
Count all the drops of rain that fall,
Count all things moving, great and small:

Though vast the number, yet how few,
Compar'd with what by faith I view;
All meeting in my glorious Friend,
Whose love and mercy know no end!

By him my wants are all supplied;
His merey flows in one sweet tide:
On his dear name I love to call;
In him I find my heaven, my all!

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